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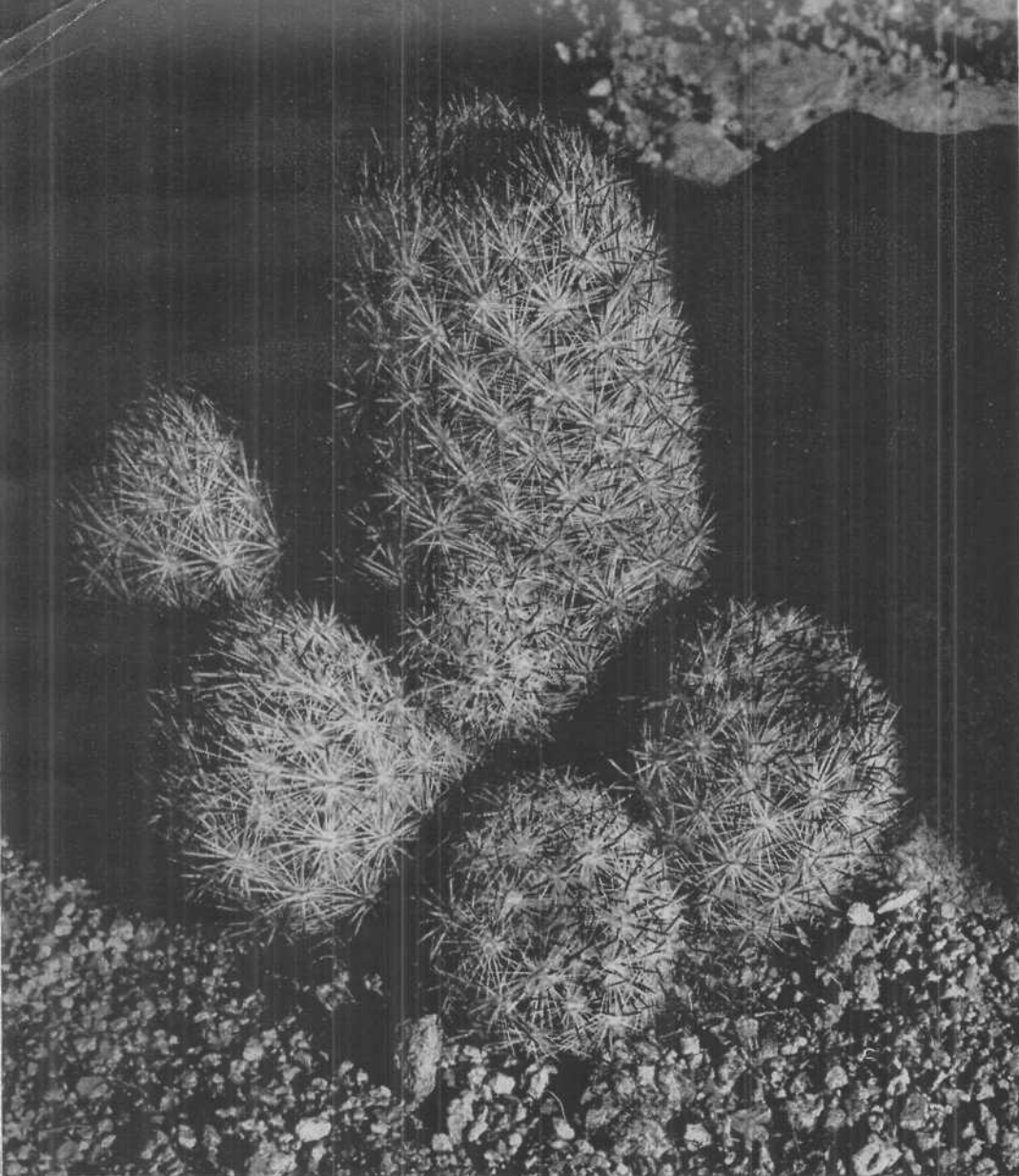
Desert

M A G A Z I N E



FEBRUARY, 1942

25 CENTS



A typical clump of Foxtail cactus, showing the characteristic salt-and-pepper appearance. Photo by the author.



Coryphantha alversonii

By GEORGE OLIN

"FOXTAIL cactus," the descriptive common name of this plant is perhaps the most suitable applied to any of our native cacti. Almost anyone coming across a slender solitary head of this plant would exclaim, "Why it looks just like a foxtail!"

Because of persistent collection by an

appreciative but thoughtless public, it has become rather scarce. A sturdy little barrel shaped plant; a body covered with pure white spines tipped with black; a profusion of large pink flowers in season—these are the factors which have led to the inroads upon its numbers by both commercial and private collectors. A sad mis-

take for those who do collect it because it does not thrive under cultivation and soon succumbs to a dry rot.

Coryphantha alversonii has a range which can best be described as spotty—that is, while occasional specimens may be found over a wide area, colonies are encountered only when certain conditions of altitude, drainage and mineral content of the soil are suitable. In a general way its range extends from the coastal mountains east to the Colorado river, and from the northern borders of the Colorado desert to the Mexican border. Finest specimens may be found in isolated patches through the Chuckawalla mountains, the Coxcomb mountains, and the Joshua Tree national monument.

This species is the largest of the group of about a dozen which are native to our Southwest (this excludes species such as *Coryphantha aggregata* which commonly clumps into large mounds). It is usually found as a solitary head until with age it will form a clump with sometimes a dozen branches. Single heads will attain a size of up to 10 inches in height by 4 inches in diameter. It attains its greatest size at altitudes ranging from 3000 to 4500 feet. Near perfect drainage seems to be a requisite and it is found sometimes wedged tightly between crevices of the rocks or more usually on the edge of wide desert washes in the most coarse and gravelly soil.

The plant body has as many as 20 rows of short conical tubercles which ascend spirally to the tip. The tubercles bear a deep groove along their upper surface. This is one of the identifying characteristics of the genus. The "foxtail" is very stoutly spined—a tubercle sometimes having 30 or more radial spines and as many as 14 centrals. All spines are white through the lower half of their length and dark brown to black near the tips. This gives the plant the "salt and pepper" effect which furnishes it with its common name.

The flowers grow from the base of the last mature tubercles in the tip of the plant. Since the blooming season is also the growing season, the new spines in the tip are short and sparse and the flowers are free to open unhindered. There may be as many as a dozen flowers, often 1½ inches in diameter and deep pink in color. The fruit is green, somewhat tinged with red when ripe. It is a long oval shape and is easily plucked from between the spines. In flavor it resembles a rather sour strawberry.

There has been no little controversy over the botanical status of this plant. For many years it was considered a variety of *Coryphantha deserti* (Engelm.) Br. & R. but later authorities agree that it deserves species rank and Orcutt's description of it as *Coryphantha alversonii* has been generally accepted.

DESERT Calendar

- JAN. 29-FEB. 1 Eighth annual tennis championships, Palm Springs, California.
- JAN. 31 Close of the month-long photographic exhibit sponsored by Southwest Cactus Growers, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.
- JAN. 31-FEB. 1 Rodeo at Palm Springs.
- JAN. 31-FEB. 1 W. E. "Andy" Andrews will lead Sierra club hikers up Andreas and Murray canyons, out of Palm Springs.
- FEB. 1 Climax of Gila River Round-up, Safford, Arizona. Started January 21.
- 1-15 Second annual New Mexico photography competition, Fine Arts building, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Professional and amateur photographers of the state. Dean William McL. Dunbar, of the university, chairman.
- 6 "California Deserts," subject for Sierra club meeting at Boos Bros. cafeteria, Los Angeles. Catherine Sargent, hostess.
- 6-7 Men's invitational golf championship, Palm Springs.
- 7 California Quail championship field trials, Banning, California.
- 7-8 Agua Piedra ski meet to be held on ski course near Tres Ritos, New Mexico. Competition open to registered skiers in Rocky mountain area.
- 7-8 Martinez and Aqua Alta canyons, Colorado desert, will attract Sierra clubbers, as they follow a new trail discovered and scouted by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hubbard, leaders. Six to eight miles of hiking, with a stream, probably flowers, and view of Salton sea.
- 12-15 Phoenix rodeo, Phoenix, Arizona. Joe M. Pond, chairman.
- 13-15 University of Nevada winter sports carnival and Inter-Collegiate ski meet, Reno, Nevada.
- 14-15 Northern New Mexico educational association meeting, Raton, New Mexico.
- 15 Indian Turtle dance, at Taos, New Mexico.
- 15 Nevada state press association holds annual convention in Reno. Jack McClosky, Hawthorne, president.
- 19 Community concert at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with Richard Crooks, tenor.
- 19-22 Riverside County Fair and Date Festival at Indio, California.
- 20-22 Fiesta de los Vaqueros, Tucson, Arizona. M. H. Starkweather, chairman.
- 26 Beginning of Lenten Rituals of *Los Hermanos Penitentes*, Spanish-American communities of northern New Mexico.
- Buffalo, Deer and Antelope dances held in various New Mexico Indian pueblos during February, dates variable.



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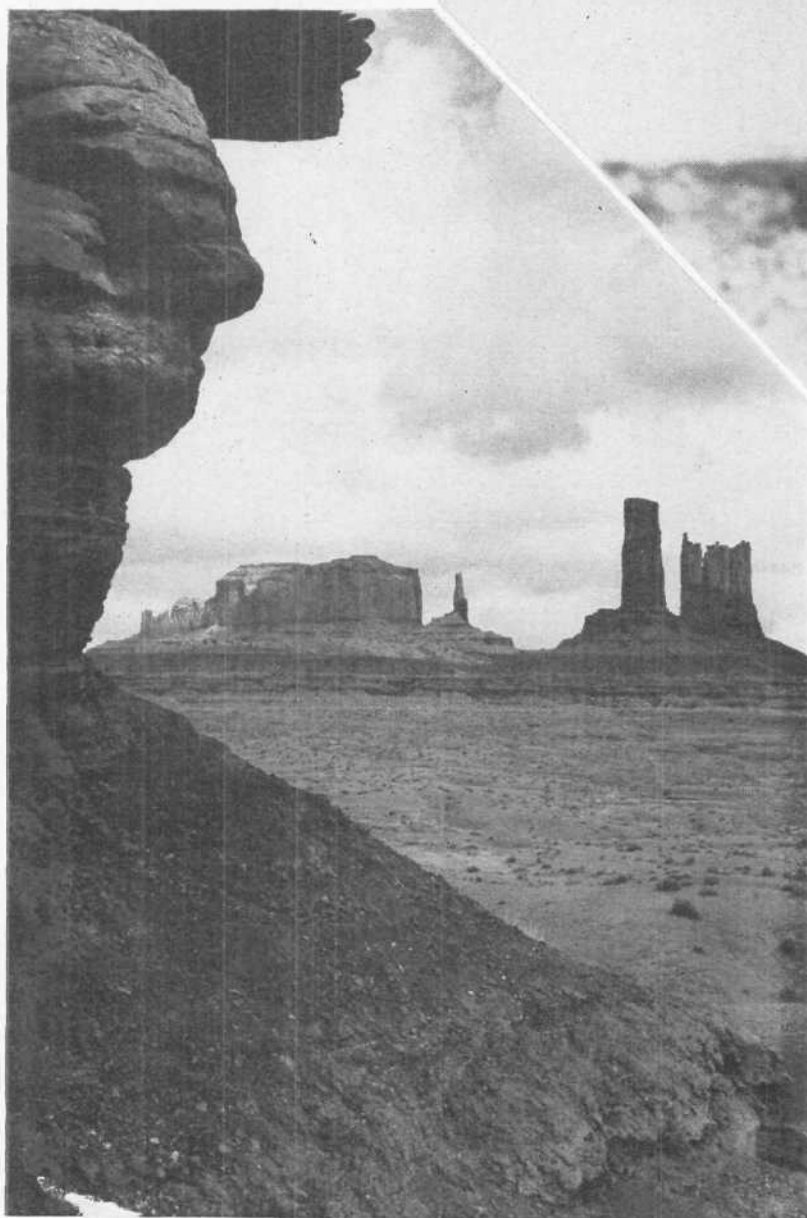
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Junior Rockhound

By
LEONARD RICHARDSON
Escondido, California

This unposed picture of Carol Dawson is winner of first prize in the monthly contest conducted by Desert Magazine. It was taken with a 2¼x2½ Rollicord camera, 1/50 sec. at f:16, on Panatomic X film, 2X yellow filter.



Monument Valley

By ALFRED SCHMITZ
Oakland, California

Winner of the second prize in Desert Magazine's December photographic contest is this view in southern Utah. Taken with a Voigtlaender 9x12cm camera at f:16, 1/50 sec., light yellow filter, in early April.

Special Merit

The following photos were judged to have special merit:

"White Sands," by Helen A. Young, Morris, Illinois.

"Desert Blossom," by Margaret Bundren, Dallas, Texas.

"Cactus Apples," by Harry W. Dacquet, Gardena, California.

From the north, the 4650-foot peak of Kofa mountain in western Arizona is a comparatively easy climb. But until the past year there was no record of any of the mountaineering fraternity having scaled the precipitous west face of the great massif. Using a 130-foot rope for safety on the difficult pitches, Ruth and John Mendenhall and their companions made the ascent without serious difficulty—but had some uncomfortable moments when darkness overtook them on the way down. Here is the story of a mountain adventure in a region where cholla cactus and catsclaw are among the hazards of travel.

John Mendenhall led up the precipitous faces, and then belayed the other members of the party with a rope from above.

Up the West Face of Kofa Mountain

By RUTH DYAR MENDENHALL

THE solid block of Kofa mountain, as purple in the early November morning as it had been by moonlight, rose from the desert flatness with the characteristic abruptness of the desert ranges. The main massif tapered off to the north in a long line of sharp, imposing pinnacles and aiguilles. The usual route to the summit is by easy northern slopes. My husband John, Randall Henderson and his son Rand, and I, hoped to make the first ascent by Kofa's steep, forbidding west face that Saturday.

The wide desert sky bloomed in a canopy of small, bright cloud-roses that faded to grey as, inside our sleeping-bags, we struggled into overalls and plaid shirts. Our campsite had been a broad wash 17 miles south of Quartzsite, Arizona, where a diminutive, rickety sign pointed from the Quartzsite-Yuma highway up a tiny, rocky road to "Palm Canyon." A hurried breakfast was followed by a rocky, bumpy ride in the cars along the Palm canyon road for eight miles eastward.

At 8 a. m. we left the cars, shouldered knapsacks and rope, and tramped across gently rising land toward the bajada spreading from the deep, tremendous gap in the west face of Kofa, which split the mountain from skyline to desert floor in one precipice-walled "V." The rock's rich purple changed to brown as we neared it.

The name "Kofa" I had thought to be a fine Indian word, but learned that it was a contraction of "King of Arizona," a mine on its south side. The mountain rises from an elevation of 1800 feet at the canyon mouth to 4650 feet. Crossing the desert, we managed to disregard the majestic hulk before us long enough to inspect the desert plants, all neatly spaced as in a frugal garden: dark green, fine-foliaged creosote, smooth leafed goat nut, gray small burro weed, innocuous-looking loco weed; desert trees—ironwood, catsclaw, and green-stemmed palo verde; weird and peculiar cacti—high cylindrical saguaro, exquisitely pale green and deceptively fluffy-looking cholla, and ocotillo clusters of long wiry arms.

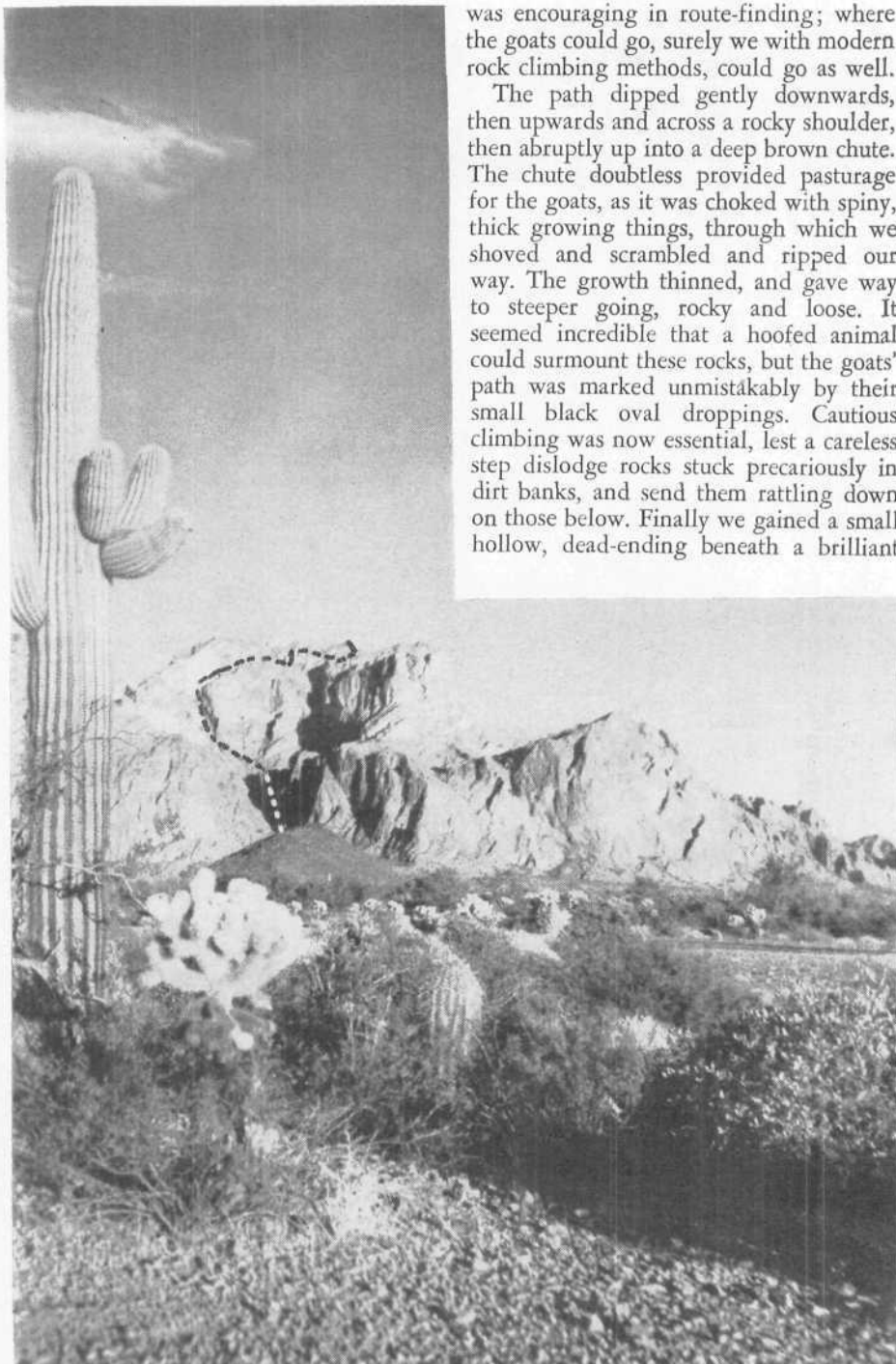
Our party entered the canyon and followed the broad wash between rapidly rising walls of volcanic rock, yellow as ochre and rivalling the Sierras for spectacular sheerness. Small side canyons on either side cut the cliffs. High in one of them nestled palms, said to be the only wild palms in Arizona. In this and a few of the other small canyons, 52 palms have been counted. A scramble up a loose chute gave a better view of the bright green, feathery trees that waved with a mirage-like quality between the brown, close walls. There was none of the surface water usual where wild palms grow.

After this detour, we continued at a leisurely pace up the narrowing watercourse, over boulders increasingly large and



steep, some of them a peculiar pink conglomerate. The high walls of the canyon and of the mountain's west face shot upwards in tremendous, castle-crowned cliffs. In a great golden amphitheater well up the canyon, we sat down to debate the best route. The canyon divided into several high steep chimneys, any one of which might provide a route to the top. The most northerly of these seemed to offer an encouraging way. Eventually the parley rejected the gullies, and selected a route to our left over scree slopes broken with sparse vegetation, toward a saddle to the left of serrated brown teeth jutting the skyline.

After much upward toil over unsteady scree, in vigorous sunshine, we attained the saddle and peered eagerly over it—only to find that the way did not open up behind the teeth in a practicable route to the summit, as we had expected. Meager shade behind some rocks, and cogitation over a sandwich, followed. John decided to investigate a traverse beneath the teeth to our right, back to the easterly canyon we had noted from the amphitheater below. He disappeared among rocks and



Dotted line shows the route taken by the climbers up Cliff canyon and thence by a precipitous chute to a wide ledge which led almost to the summit. Much evidence of mountain goats, and one rattlesnake, were encountered along the way.

brush, and after a time called back to us. His voice came, a tangled thing of intermingling echoes, the words indistinguishable in the medley of overlapping sound that was like a musical round. Finally, when he shouted with long pauses between words, we could understand—not the original shout—but the first echo of each word. The message was for us to come.

The dim path beneath the great yellow walls led cleverly among rocks and shrubs. Here, on the unclimbed, barren west face of Kofa mountain, we were following the trail of mountain goats. The knowledge

was encouraging in route-finding; where the goats could go, surely we with modern rock climbing methods, could go as well.

The path dipped gently downwards, then upwards and across a rocky shoulder, then abruptly up into a deep brown chute. The chute doubtless provided pasturage for the goats, as it was choked with spiny, thick growing things, through which we shoved and scrambled and ripped our way. The growth thinned, and gave way to steeper going, rocky and loose. It seemed incredible that a hooved animal could surmount these rocks, but the goats' path was marked unmistakably by their small black oval droppings. Cautious climbing was now essential, lest a careless step dislodge rocks stuck precariously in dirt banks, and send them rattling down on those below. Finally we gained a small hollow, dead-ending beneath a brilliant

yellow, overhanging wall. Scrambling had ended, and any further progress would entail rock climbing.

John uncoiled the 130 feet of manila rope, changed from hiking shoes to crepe soled tennis shoes, and tied one end of the rope around his waist. Sitting in the hollow, I braced myself in a belay with the rope about my hips, to protect the climber, and paid the hemp out cautiously as John traversed on small rounded holds across the canyon's north wall. Careful climbing, upward and across the exposed face, took him over the skyline. A moment later, he called "Up!" and one by one the rest of

us followed, John belaying us from above.

We were now on a broad shelf, a sloping ledge that followed the base of the mountain's great brown crown southward, to our right. Evidence of the goats was plentiful, and again encouraged us. If the goats had been here, there must be a way to the top, a way men could follow. Close to the wall, the ledge was well-worn, chalky-grey rock; it dropped toward the cliff edge, grey-green with grass; it flattened out, and shrubs covered it more thickly.

I was third in the procession of four when I suddenly heard a soft, chirring whisper from the ground. I had often wondered if I would know a rattlesnake if I should come face to face with one. I did. The rattle was a familiar sound even before the thick green body was seen looped and vibrant in the grass a few feet away. We were all rather startled, as it was late in the year for a rattler to be seen on the desert—probably the heat of the southwest exposure kept him out of hibernation. The inaccessibility of his home and the peculiar pale green color of his skin added to the snake's unusual character.

The ledge now broke up into a white rocky shoulder, which we traversed cautiously, protected by the rope, till it merged again into a brush-grown and commodious shelf that continued south beneath the high grown wall. A climb up a short chimney at the end of the wall, brought us abruptly out on an open shoulder of the mountain. Across the head of a deep gully, a long ridge led east to a cluster of humps, two farther chocolate-colored rises and a nearer pale one, one of which must be the highest point. Some delicate but easy rock work, in and out of the head of the great main canyon that dropped down the west face, deposited us on the ridge. We trudged up a small staircased watercourse, speculating that doubtless the nearest hump was not the highest, a thing which wouldn't be natural.

Our concentrated interest in reaching the peak was diverted by the remarkable formations of chalcedony, beautifully crystallized "roses," which lay everywhere among the gravel, waiting to be plucked. These chalcedony formations, as big as one's fist, are generally found worn and battered at the bottom of canyons, washed down by streams. Those on Kofa's peak lie waxy and white, some streaked with pink carnelian or a rich blue, their petals curling as if in full bloom, fresh from their natural mold.

At three o'clock the pale rise was gained, and proved after all to be the highest point. We had climbed 2800 feet above the desert, and sank down tiredly on the summit rocks to finish our lunches and reduce the few drops of "precious fluid" in our canteens. A rather ill-kempt heap of planks, ancient dry-cells, and a

bench mark distinguished the exact top, a triangulation point.

Almost 3000 feet beneath, the wonderful openness of the desert stretched smoothly off in every direction to a skyline ring of mountains. Kofa's northern pinnacles, which had looked so important that morning, had diminished to a far line of lowly needles. Small black buttes, possibly ancient volcanoes, studded the near desert. Eastward an impressive sea of sharp peaks churned up like waves. To the west an elbow of the Colorado river bent into view.

A cold wind and the late hour urged hasty speculation as to the fastest route down. The west side was decided on, with the realization that we would have a race with darkness and that, no doubt, darkness would win. After a detour back to the rattlesnake place to regain a forgotten camera, a hurried descent was begun directly into the main canyon which had been crossed to reach the summit, and which promised a direct, speedy, and easy route to the bajada. When the canyon fell away in steep waterfalls, we uncoiled the rope, doubled it about a convenient protuberance of rock, and after passing it about our bodies in such a way as to provide friction, "roped down." After two or three rope-downs, the angle of the canyon eased off, and we went hurrying downwards, scrambling over rocks, swinging down big boulders, sprinting to reach easier going before the early night. The darkness seemed to increase by perceptible jumps, as if between winks.



Left to right—John and Ruth Mendenhall and Rand Henderson at their base camp following the ascent of Kofa peak.

The day had been warm and our canteens inadequate, so everyone was quite dehydrated though pretending not to no-

tice. All the way up there hadn't been a drop of water; on the way down a single threadlike trickle had been very bitter. We were running down glowingly white, scoured granite slabs when Randy suddenly came to a tiny "tank" of water in a hollow of rock. The thirsty climbers sniffed it suspiciously, then in turns, lying prone, drank eagerly. It was clean, sweet water left from the late October rains. There wasn't very much—but it was wonderful.

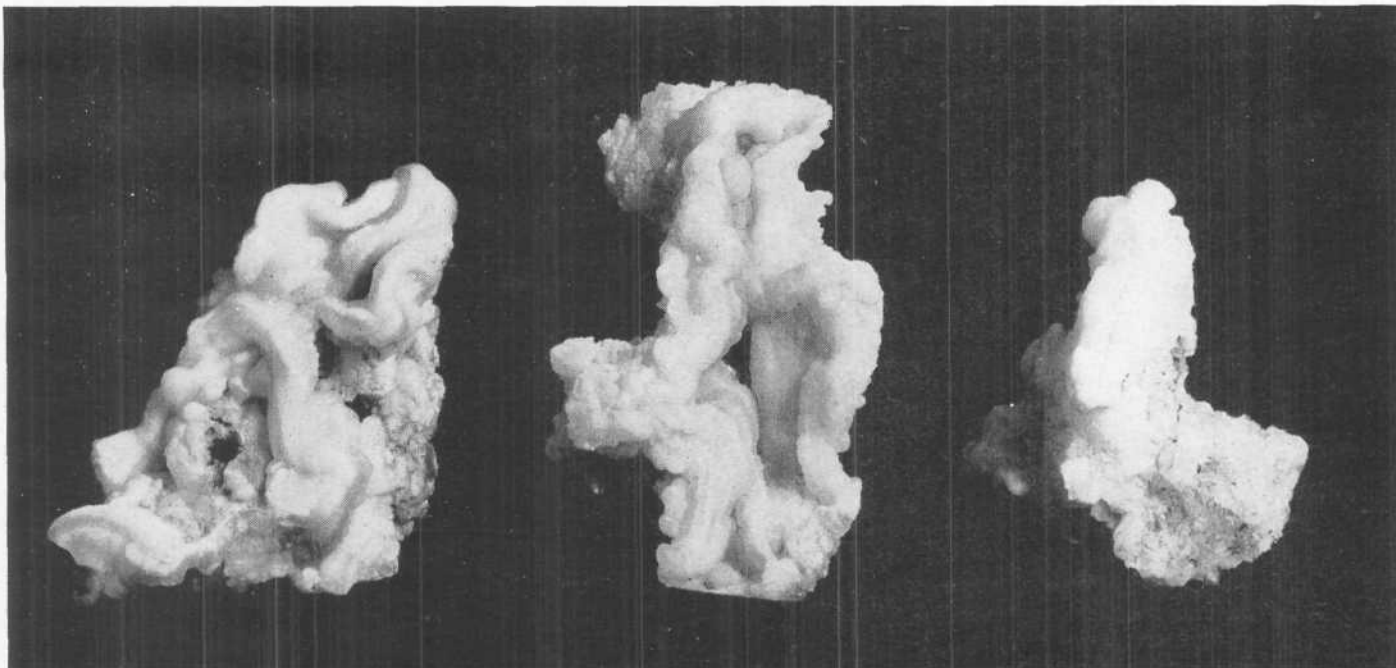
Then we dashed on down the canyon, now surrounded by a tangible cottony dusk. Just as the light failed altogether, the canyon dropped away—the steep staircase simply fell away into a well like an elevator shaft, black with depth and night.

John prowled to the brink and tossed experimental rocks into the emptiness. The sound of their striking came only after seconds of silence. Just how far the drop was it was impossible to tell, but it was far enough so we could by no means be sure that if we roped down, the doubled rope would reach the bottom. That method of descent could not be chanced.

It was now as completely dark as it ever gets outdoors. Thick clouds were massed over the stars. A flashlight had not been included in the rucksacks, as we had expected to be back at the cars early. A bivouac, hungry and thirsty as everyone felt, had no appeal if it could safely be avoided. We now thought that a traverse,



Rand Henderson (left) and Arthur Johnson erected a cairn at the top of Kofa on a trip subsequent to the one described in this story.



Specimens of chalcidony "roses" brought back by the climbers as souvenirs of the trip. These weird formations of white agate are weathering out of the mother rock at the summit.

upward and northward across the mountainside toward our morning's route, might lead to another canyon providing a means of descent. Going entirely "by feel," we started the climbing traverse. In the blackness I walked into a cholla. The fiendish plants seem to be put together very carelessly, and a burr sprang eagerly off its stem, and fastened its wicked spines in my leg like teeth. John felt around for a couple of rocks, and with these implements as pliers, he jerked the burr loose. In the darkness I yanked out all the remaining spines I could seize.

Our wary traverse indeed brought us into another canyon, which perhaps would descend with no impassable drop-offs. Our progress was still entirely by feel. Every step might have landed in a hole or on a hill. Another inspiration materialized. Anything that grows on the desert seems to burn well, dead or alive, yet the fire does not spread. Dredging matches from our pockets, and using tufts of soft dry grass for kindling, we soon had a fine series of bushes blazing enthusiastically and lighting up our immediate vicinity. It seemed a trifle incendiary to set fires so wantonly, but none the less the flames brightened spirits as well as the view. John climbed down cautiously. Randy and I spread little fires and hurled clumps of burning matter down to John, till we had a line of small blazes stretching 30 or 40 feet down the canyon. The ones behind us died out into handfuls of sparks, while we climbed cheerfully through our own walls of fire, and down the rocks dancing in light and shadow.

The fires all went out at once, as if by prearrangement, and as we were groveling about in the rocks feeling for kindling that wasn't too prickly, and wasting matches, our eyes reaccustomed them-

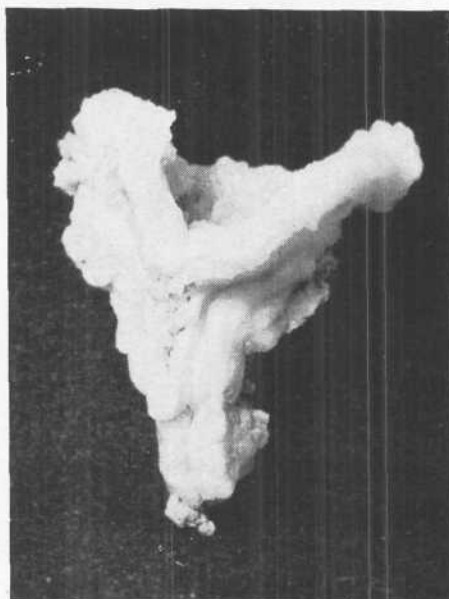
selves to darkness. The rocks which had hitherto been invisible, began to shimmer ever so faintly. At last the moon was rising—behind the eastern buttress of the mountain, shrouded heavily in clouds, but strong enough to light, a little, the deep canyon.

The water-scoured boulders now shone white, though the spaces between were grey and of indeterminate depth, so we had to feel our way gradually like blind persons, swinging down on our arms, reaching out in a measured and tentative way with our feet, carefully sliding and easing ourselves along as though crippled. The descent was slow and tedious, but no longer dangerous or impossible. The faint radiance on the rocks did not make visible

the sparse and spiny vegetation, and every bush pricked and grabbed and scratched us. Our hands felt full of thorns, but somewhat to our disappointment we couldn't find any later. Long since, all botanical exactitude had evaporated—everything in the canyon was catsclaw to us: that's the way it acted!

Gradually the canyon walls towered higher and higher to either side and behind. Almost imperceptibly the water-course flattened out. The way had seemed without end; but we knew we had rejoined the route of the morning, and were sure of getting out that night. At last we passed the palm canyon, tramped down the wash, over the bajada, and clambered out onto the desert floor.

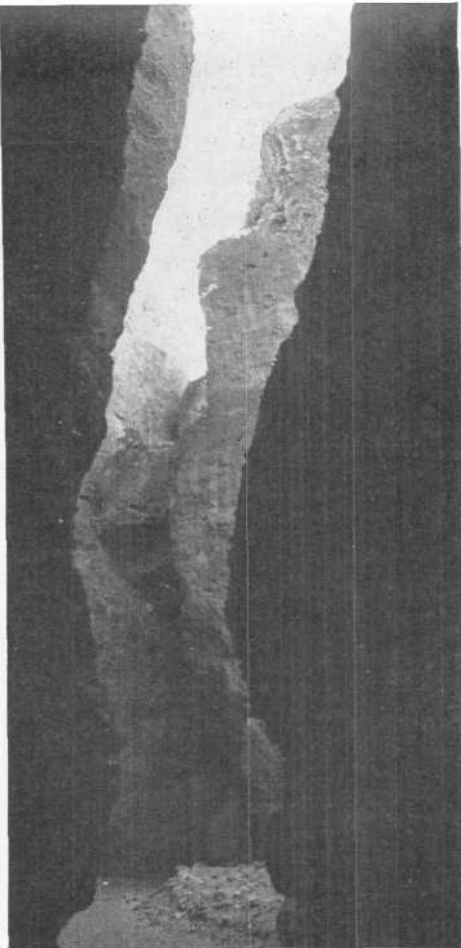
Relieved though we were, a long trudge yet remained. From the summit John and Randy had picked out the approximate location of the cars in relation to a conical black butte which now loomed faintly perhaps a mile and a half to the west. From the mountain, the desert had looked flat and smooth with a close network of green watercourses traced gently on its surface; now the way lay across rough, rocky, gully-slashed, spine-infested land. The preceding night, the moon had shown with such brilliance that one could make out the color of the wild flowers; tonight it never broke through the clouds. At last, 13 hours after our start, we crossed the ruts of the road and with shouts discovered the grey shadows of the cars. Awaiting us were the delights of plentiful canteen water, a campfire, tinned food, and then the sleeping-bags spread out in a stone-hard, rocky gully—unexcelled in sheer luxury to the very weary. We fell instantly to sleep, while the purple-black bulk of Kofa stood strong and solid against the eastern sky.



Among the "roses" strewn over the top of the peak, one of the climbers found a "lily."



Sheep Hole palms—just six of them in two groups. There is water at the base of the group in the foreground.



Grotto canyon, where flashlights are needed to explore the natural tunnels formed by erosion and rockfalls.



Desert Steve Ragsdale (left) and Dr. Marko Petinak, at Hidden Springs oasis. They were leaders of the trip.

We Found the Sheep Hole Palms

Thirty-six years ago, George Wharton James followed an old Indian trail that led to a little group of palms in Southern California's most uninviting mountain area. The oasis was mentioned in James' book "Wonders of the Colorado Desert." Since then it has remained virtually a "lost oasis" until Desert Steve Ragsdale recently led a group of Sierra club hikers to the spot. Here is the story of a trip that every desert enthusiast would enjoy.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

"A DIM trail leads . . . to a waterhole . . . in an arroyo known as Sheep Hole Wash, near two small groups of palms."

George Wharton James wrote that notation in his log-book in the winter of 1905. Later it appeared in his classic volume "Wonders of the Colorado Desert."

James, with Carl Eytel the artist, and Lea Van Anderson as companions, was following his burros up Box canyon in the Dos Palmas badland area that separates the Orocopia and Little San Bernardino mountains in the Southern California desert.

According to his notes, he was about

halfway up the canyon when he saw a faint trail leading over the ridge toward the southeast. He followed the trail.

"From the ridge," he wrote, "one gains an idea of the barren desolation of this region. No words can express it. And to see the few palms quietly resting in this sheltered nook gives one a singular sensation. There was no water to be found when I stood at the base of the palms, but it is possible that if one were to dig he could get a small supply."

For a long time I had wondered as to the exact location of these palms. This was an oasis I had never been able to find. Then one day Desert Steve Ragsdale,

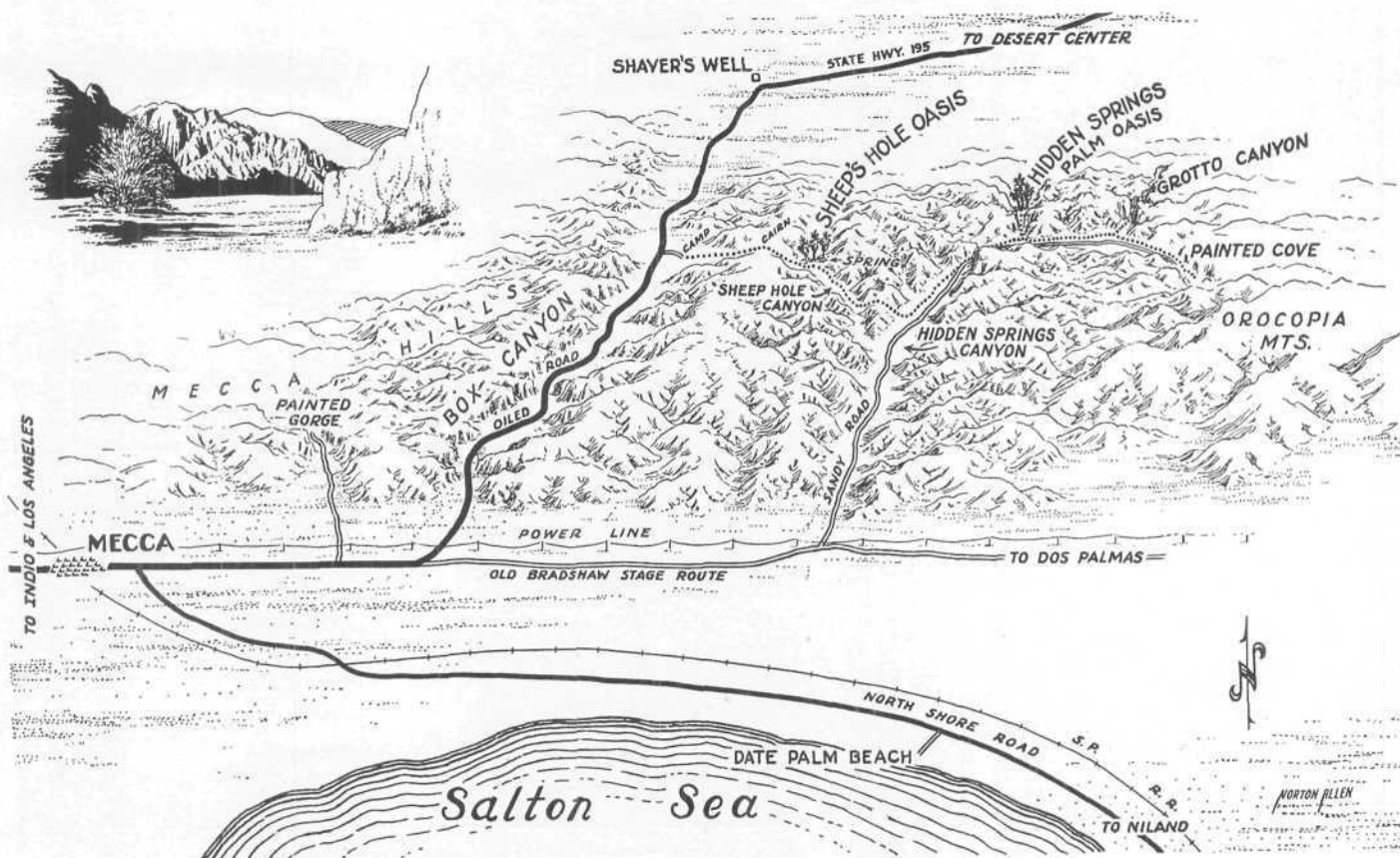
colorful "mayor" of Desert Center, mentioned them. He had come upon them one day while prospecting the hills for water.

The opportunity to visit them came a few weeks later when Steve offered to lead a group of Sierra club weekend hikers to Sheep Hole Wash, and thence over another ridge to Hidden Springs palm oasis.

The trip was arranged for early December. Our rendezvous for the Saturday night camp was the broad sandy floor of Box canyon 9.5 miles from Mecca, California. There were 68 in our party when we gathered around a huge ironwood campfire that evening for an informal program of song and extemporaneous entertainment.

John Hilton was there with his guitar and a fine collection of kodachrome pictures he had taken on his trip down the west coast of Mexico last summer. Thanks to the genius of the Eastman technicians, it is now possible to hook a six-volt projecting lamp to an ordinary automobile battery and present a picture program anywhere that an auto can go. John's lectures are both entertaining and informative.

A slight breeze was blowing up the wash from Salton sea when we crawled into our sleeping bags that night. But the air was not as chilly as one would expect at this time of the year. Next morning we were up with the sun, and smoke was soon rising from a score of breakfast fires up and down the canyon.



Dotted line starting from the campsite in Box canyon and continuing over the ridges to Sheep Hole palms and thence to Hidden Springs palms is the route taken by the hikers.

We found the old trail James had mentioned. But it is not well marked, and for the information of others who may want to visit these palm groups I offer the following directions: At a point 9.5 miles up-canyon from Mecca, or 2.3 miles down-canyon from the site of Shaver's old well, park your car on the gravel on the east side of the oiled road. Cross the floor of the canyon to a small tributary coming in from the east. There are two ironwood trees at the entrance to this small side-canyon. The trail that climbs up the ridge will become visible when less than a quarter-mile up the arroyo.

It was a half mile climb to the top of the ridge. I could understand why James used the words "barren desolation" in describing the view from this point. The sun was gleaming on Salton sea 10 miles to the south, but the landscape in all other directions was a chaos of highly-eroded clay hills. With the exception of the sandy arroyos below there seemed hardly a level spot spacious enough to build a prospector's cabin.

A passing traveler had erected a three-foot cairn of rock on the ridge, but as far as I could discover, had left no record of his identity.

From this summit we got our first glimpse of Sheep Hole palms. Far below us in the bottom of an arroyo were two little groups of three palms each, less than a hundred yards apart. The headless trunk

of a seventh palm—evidently the victim of age and fire—stood on the slope near the lower group.

The trail, now well marked by the imprints of the 50 or more hikers ahead of us, wound off the ridge to the oasis. Near the base of the lower group, some animal, a coyote or possibly a mountain sheep, had pawed away the sand and found water. But the spring had not been cleaned recently, and its present condition would be inviting only to one in dire need of water.

I have no doubt the trail we were following was first trod by desert Indians. This may have been a main artery of travel for tribesmen between the coastal range and the Colorado river. Perhaps wandering families settled here for a few days or even weeks, though the sparsity of vegetation and the absence of shelter would preclude the likelihood of its being a permanent camp.

We continued down Sheep Hole wash a quarter of a mile past the oasis, climbed out on the east bank, following the trail toward the summit of another low ridge.

Vegetation is sparse in this area. There were a few palo verde trees. Summer and winter these spiny-leaved natives of the desert remain green. Hence their name, which translates "green wood" in English. Ironwood and mesquite, two others of the eight native trees of the Colorado desert, were scattered along the arroyo. There was a surprising absence of the cactus clan. A

few scrubby beavertails and an occasional darning-needle or lady-finger were about the only representatives of the desert's most characteristic plant.

Crossing this second ridge, we dropped down into a broad arroyo which we soon identified as Hidden Springs canyon. There is a passable automobile trail up this canyon—a trail well known to many desert explorers for it leads to one of the most picturesque oases in the Colorado desert—the Hidden Springs palms.

Box canyon and Hidden Springs canyon both drain into Salton sea. They are deep wide arroyos with watersheds that cover large sectors of the Dos Palmas badlands region. Their entrances, where they emerge from the eroded clay hills and spread their floodwaters over a broad bajada that slopes down to the shores of the sea, are about five miles apart.

But they draw together as they extend back into the hills, and the distance between them at the point where we crossed over is less than two miles. This is pertinent information for desert travelers who would like to visit Hidden Springs oasis without the necessity of making the long sandy pull up Hidden Springs arroyo.

Our trail led us into Hidden Springs canyon about a half mile below the narrow tributary in which the Hidden Springs are located. Heavy cloudbursts visited this region last August and the canyon floor was clean and well packed. Few cars had been this way since the flood

waters obliterated all trace of human visitation. The ironwood trees wore a rich deep coating of green. Desert Steve had tied white rags along the route to guide the stragglers in our party. It is no disgrace to be a straggler on a Sierra club outing trip. Generally those who lag behind are the botanists and photographers—those who refuse to be rushed along in an area of such natural and scenic interest.

Ahead of us, the canyon walls appeared to close together with vertical cliffs blocking the way. But when we reached that point we found an open gorge leading off at right angles to the general direction of the canyon. Beyond the gorge the precipitous walls widened out again, creating a natural amphitheater that is a most inviting campsite. The sheer cliffs on the south side of this secluded cove are streaked and splotched with highly-colored rock with a hundred shades of brown and red and purple and green. There are many "painted canyons" in the

Southwest, but none of them in my opinion have beauty and variation of coloring that surpasses these walls during the brief period of the day when the sunlight reaches them.

On the north side of the amphitheater beneath a spreading palo verde tree, a camper once erected a little palm-thatched one-room shelter—modeled after those tropical huts the natives build in the South Sea islands. I do not know the builder, but he must have been an artist. Some of the thatch has been swept away by wind and floods—but the evidence of his artistic handiwork is still there.

A little sign, "Hidden Springs— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile," points the way into a miniature side canyon at this point. Great blocks of conglomerate have fallen from the cliff walls above and partially blocked the narrow passageway along this tributary. The feet of many visitors have worn a trail over and around and under these blocks to the springs.

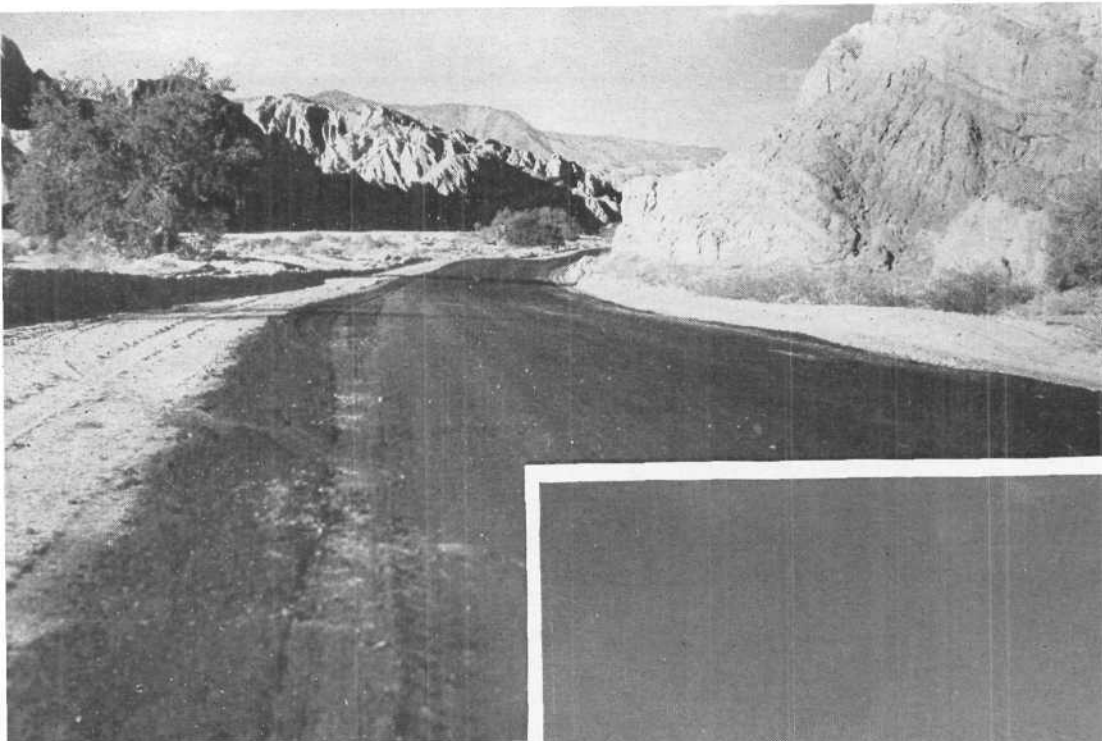
We were too busy picking our way over this broken trail to think about palms. Then we edged around the corner of a huge boulder and the oasis suddenly came into full view. One does not have to be an artist to sense the beauty of this picture. Thirty-eight majestic trees of the *Washingtonia filifera* species are grouped about a spring of clear cool water. The trees are natives. No one knows whence they came or how long they have been here. Fire swept through them at one time, burning their lower skirts of dead fronds. But there is a generous supply of water seeping up along the fault line that crosses the badlands at this point, and the trees are green and vigorous.

Knapsacks were unpacked here, and as the Sierrans rested in the shade of the palms and ate sandwiches, Steve Ragsdale told about some of the prospectors he had known during his 32 years on the Colorado desert.

One of his old-time friends was Justus



Hidden Springs oasis. The spring shown in this picture is always open. Water may be obtained at other places in the oasis by digging a shallow hole in the sand. Photo by Dick Freeman.



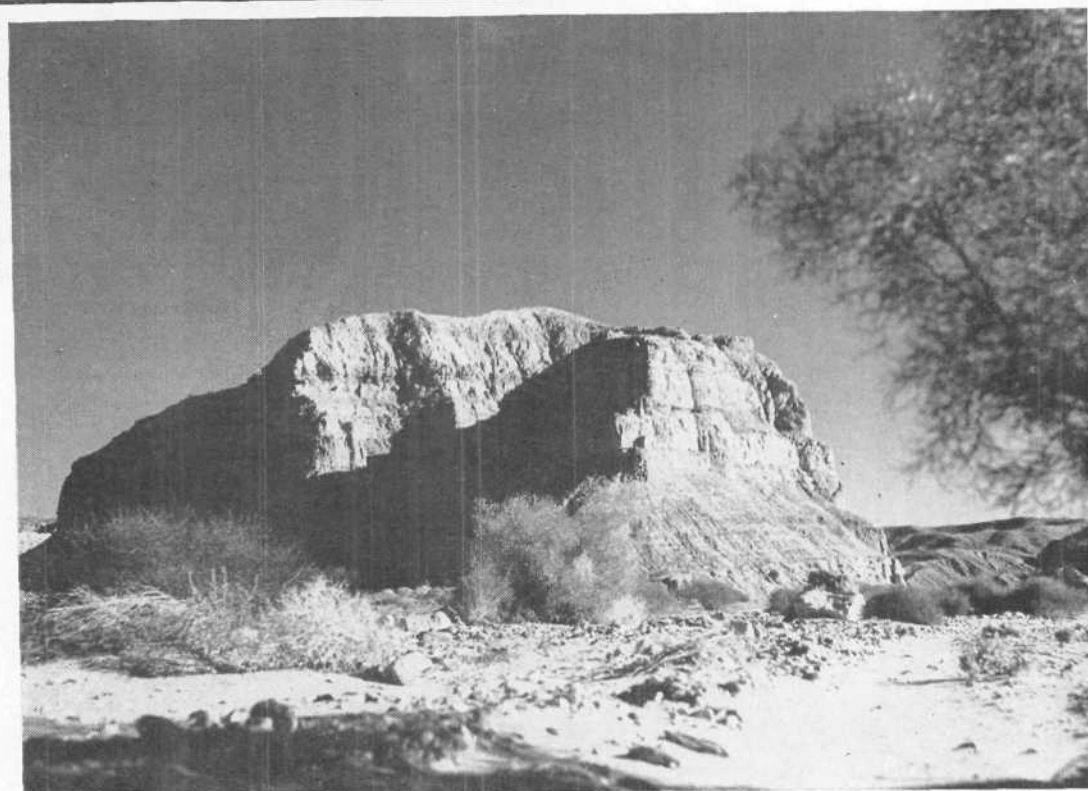
Box canyon. Photograph taken just below the campsite mentioned in this story.

Smith, who spent much of his life picking and panning the rock in this region. His eyesight failed in his later years and Ragsdale provided a home for him at Desert Center. But Desert Center was too civilized, and the idleness made him unhappy. He ran away into the hills at every opportunity. He had a cabin at Chuckawalla springs and preferred to stay there alone, prospecting as best he could. Ragsdale would often drive out there with canned foods. Justus could not read the labels on the cans, and never knew what his meal was to be until he opened a can and tasted the contents. But he was happy there despite his handicaps.

The fates were not altogether unkind to Justus Smith. Steve Ragsdale told of one of his trips into the hills searching for the old man. He found Smith pounding rock in his mortar and panning it for color. "He did not recognize me, even when I approached within three feet of him," Steve explained, "but by some strange quirk of vision, he could see the tiny flakes of gold in his pan." Thus he was able to carry on his prospecting to the end of his days.

After lunch we took the back trail to Hidden Springs canyon and then continued up the main water-course to Grotto canyon. This is an excursion for those who like to explore caves.

The main course of Hidden Springs canyon forks less than a quarter of a mile above the palm-thatched shack. We followed the left fork approximately a half mile to a point where the gorge appeared to end in a vertical wall of rock with a



This butte of clay and gravel is an "island" that has withstood the erosion of flood waters in Box canyon.

huge pile of boulders at its base. Ragsdale, leading the party, scrambled over and among these boulders and disappeared in a concealed passageway. We followed him into a dark narrow tunnel where flashlights were necessary to make sure of our footing. We came to a 12-foot drop in the floor of the tunnel, but Ragsdale had belayed a rope to aid members of the party in making the descent. Then for nearly a quarter mile we followed the narrow gorge of Grotto canyon.

This place is well named. Our route led us along the floor of a watercourse with vertical walls so close we could barely squirm through in places. Huge chunks of rock, fallen from the high cliffs overhead and wedged between the sidewalls had created long tunnels of pitch blackness. Occasionally we would emerge from one of these tunnels into dim light provided by a narrow slit of sky between the walls above. There is nothing especially difficult about this passage, but do not attempt it without a flashlight.

ated many colorful patterns in the rock formations.

Returning to Box canyon over the trail we had followed earlier in the day, I estimated our excursion had totalled six miles—one of the most interesting hikes to be found in the entire Colorado desert.

Reaching the floor of Box canyon where our cars were parked late that afternoon I had that pleasant sort of tiredness that comes from a long ramble over a rugged scenic desert terrain.

As I came down the trail into Box canyon, a Sierran just ahead of me had climbed into his car and turned on the radio. Into the still atmosphere of that peaceful desert canyon boomed the words, "Hawaii and Philippines bombed!"

Our day had been spent in Nature's world of peace and harmony—where there is strength without greed, conflict without cruelty, beauty without selfishness, and courage without lust for power. And then this!

Evonne and Rand, my daughter and son were with me. We walked to our car



There are 38 veteran palms at Hidden Springs, with a number of smaller ones. Photo by Dick Freeman.

and tuned in our own radio. From many stations the details of the treachery at Pearl Harbor and Manila were coming.

We drove out of the canyon in silence; behind us a world created for man to own and enjoy; somewhere ahead out across the Pacific—a tragedy that will affect directly the lives of every one of us—and bring bereavement to many.

"I plan to enlist," Rand told me that evening, "as soon as my place can be filled in the office."

For him, for your son, for all of us, the future is uncertain. But when this war is over—of one thing we can be sure: The desert will be there waiting, silent, unchanged, and in its grim horizon is to be found the secret that will help men to end wars—the secret of the perfect balance which human society can acquire by adherence to the unalterable precepts of Natural Law. It is a long and painful course of instruction, and we humans have just begun to glimpse its great truths—but Nature is a patient teacher, and the desert her most interesting classroom.

Prizes to Amateur Photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers cash awards of \$5.00 and \$3.00 for first and second place winners in an amateur photographic contest. The staff also reserves the right to buy any non-winning pictures.

Pictures submitted in the contest are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Subjects may include Indian pictures, plant and animal life of the desert, rock formations—in fact everything that belongs essentially to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the February contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by February 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

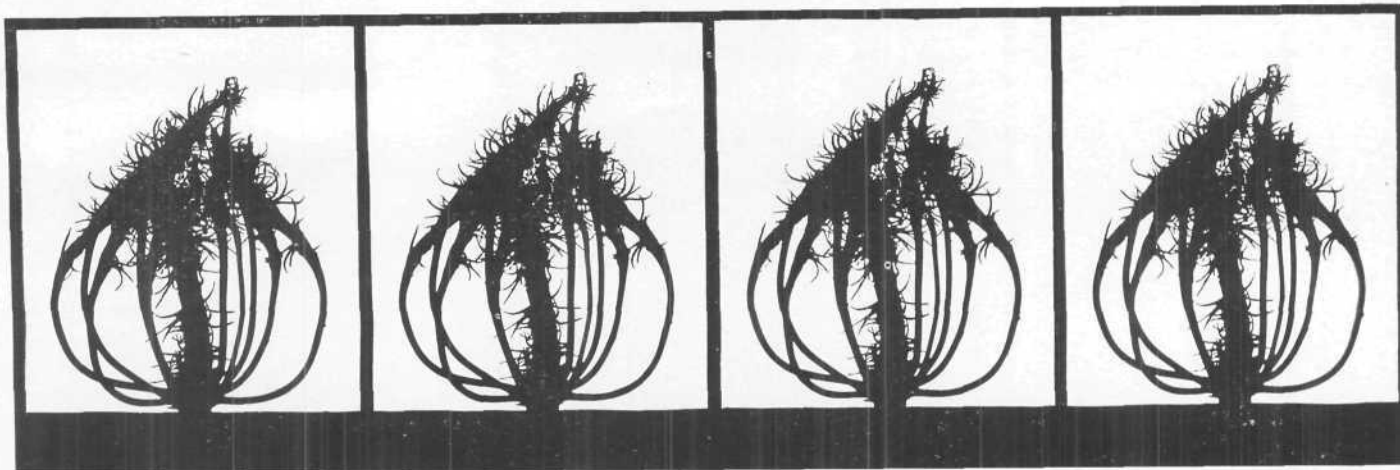
4—Prints must be in black and white, 3½x5½ or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when stamped envelopes or photo-mailers are enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the February contest will be announced and the pictures published in the April number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.



Desert lantern (evening primrose) in photographic silhouette. For use as a wall design.

Some years the rain gods are generous and the desert is carpeted with flowers. This, however, is the exception rather than the rule. But no matter what the season may bring—rain or drought—there are always colorful decorations in the restful patio of Casa del Adobe at Palmdale, California, where Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Mennig are host and hostess. Mrs. Mennig has discovered that the driest weeds and sticks on the arid horizon make lovely decorations if properly arranged. Carlyle Ellis has told an interesting story about how she does it.

Decorations from Desert Deadwood

By CARLYLE ELLIS
Photographs by the author.

SOME rare and happy souls find beauty everywhere, in almost everything. On the desert they go into a glow of pleasure over the darnedest things—like weathered sticks, dry stems and grasses, oddly shaped and colored pods and plant skeletons.

This is not a pose. It is real. I found that out. These fortunate mortals really have some magic touch of the divine imagination that is denied the rest of us. They see color harmonies and are sensitive to rhythms in design that we others miss entirely.

Fortunately some of these keenly-tuned folk are also interpreters and so can help us to see with their eyes. Half my deep enjoyment of the desert has come in this way—from those whose sympathetic vision made it a wonderland in a new way.

Take the question of color: Anyone will thrill to a purple sea of lupine or a hundred acres of poppies in a solid orange outburst. That is beauty but of a rather obvious sort. I find that artists get much more excited over a combination of rust-red buckwheat and blue-grey sagebrush against buff-toned rock—the sort of pastel-painting that nature does everywhere on the desert.

What is more, they will make you see it. That, I suppose, is

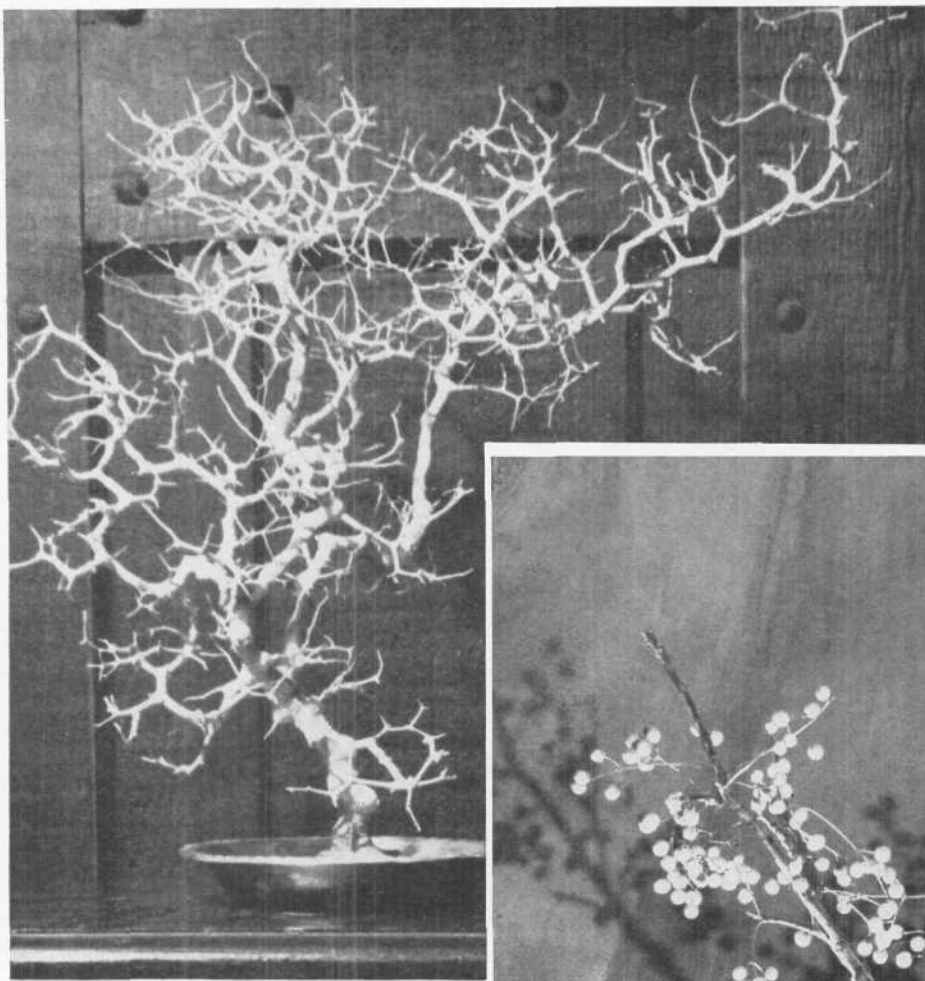


Mrs. Henry W. Mennig of Casa del Adobe arranging her desert "deadwood" for table decoration.

what artists are for. They are interpreters trying to share with us plain folk the joy they get from common things.

There is another sort of artistry that finds expression on the desert. It is the sort that takes the objects themselves—nature's castoffs, as a rule—and gives them decorative value by arresting arrangements. Many of us have tried our hands at that but few have shown the artistic imagination of my neighbor, Mrs. Mennig.

The Henry W. Mennigs built themselves a desert ranch home of adobe 20 years ago in Palmdale, California. Their artistry has made it a place of pilgrimage. The sprawling old mansion is called the Casa del Adobe and is located near the southern border of the Mojave desert, on the level floor of that part known as Antelope valley. Though this is not the most arid or barren part of the Great Basin it meets all the traditional requirements as to sun, sand and sagebrush. Thus the

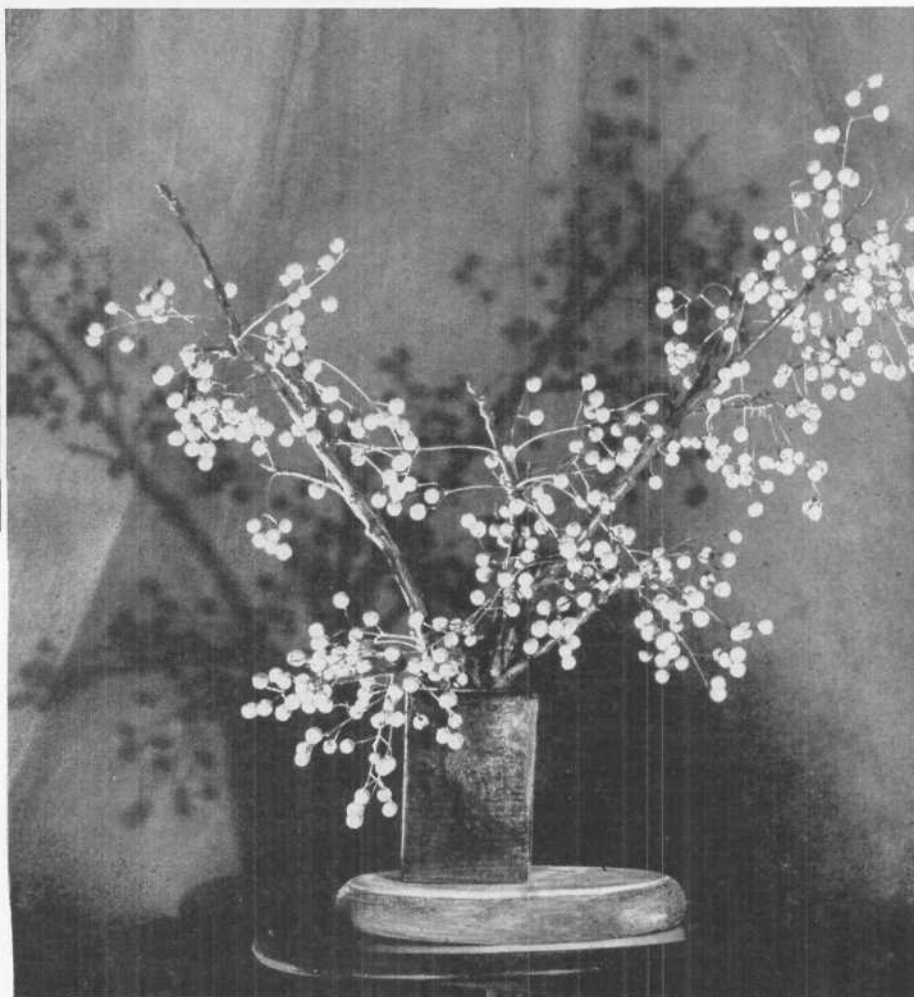


Branch of a Mojave desert saltbush mounted just as it was cut.

Casa is singularly at home in its setting and a fitting place for the self-expression that so well illustrates my theme.

Before the Mennigs started to build they spent months in pilgrimages to the more famous adobes remaining from pioneer days. By this pleasant preparation they became saturated with the architectural traditions and atmosphere of Old California. Then they planned their own house in this spirit and lived with it until they could live in it. The Casa has been growing in grace and graciousness under their hands ever since.

At the root of this is a sincere love of the desert—not just an uncritical enjoyment, but an intimate friendship, cultivated through the years, with all the aspects of nature. Henry Mennig has expressed it by bringing the desert right to the front door—filling his yard with a representative collection of native trees, shrubs and plants. Mrs. Mennig planned the interiors, furnishing and decorating in subdued tones to create an atmosphere mellow with well-filled years, rich in peace and welcome, the whole seeming completely indigenous to the soil.



Chinaberry, the nut-like fruit of the umbrella tree. This native of India and Persia flourishes on the American desert where it is widely used as a shade tree. The berries are a warm ivory in color and this deepens to sepia in a few months. The nuts are not dropped until the following year's crop is set.

The effect is subtle. One cannot say that this or that does it. But it is proven true when one sees that the showy flowers brought from city greenhouses look like gaudy strangers in these surroundings, whereas native wildflower arrangements are happily at home.

And so the wildflowers in their season ring bells of beauty. But there are long stretches of the year when the desert arrays itself with few if any flowers. This lack turned Mrs. Mennig's interest to decorative plant materials that could be

gathered when plants are dormant or their life has passed.

The quest has been rich in results. To her the desert has yielded a wealth of hitherto neglected beauty and she has been so successful as its interpreter that she is the unintentional founder of a new enterprise.

I was witness to one of her typical discoveries and it was an amusing as well as enlightening experience. Christmas preparations were at hand and a party of us drove east across the Mojave for desert holly. We took Mrs. Mennig along and it happened to be her first visit to our

goal—a mining property in a little-frequented region back of Trona.

We found the cherished holly—acres of it, all velvety white of leaf and stem. The lady of the Casa had eyes for less familiar things. This holly is really a member of the saltbush tribe of the pigweed family. It thrives in alkaline soils. There, too, flourish its saltbush relatives. These were what captured Mrs. Mennig. They had no leaves but their stems were as white as the holly, and, to her, far more interesting. She saw what the rest of us

failed to see—a fantastic beauty in the bare and twisty stems.

"Just weeds and mighty unpleasant ones at that," we declared, but she insisted on a harvesting. Time and distance, it seemed, did not matter. Luncheon did not matter. Our jeers did not matter. There was no denying her, and we drove home the hundred miles buried in as unpromising a cargo of colorless brush as any respectable car ever carried.

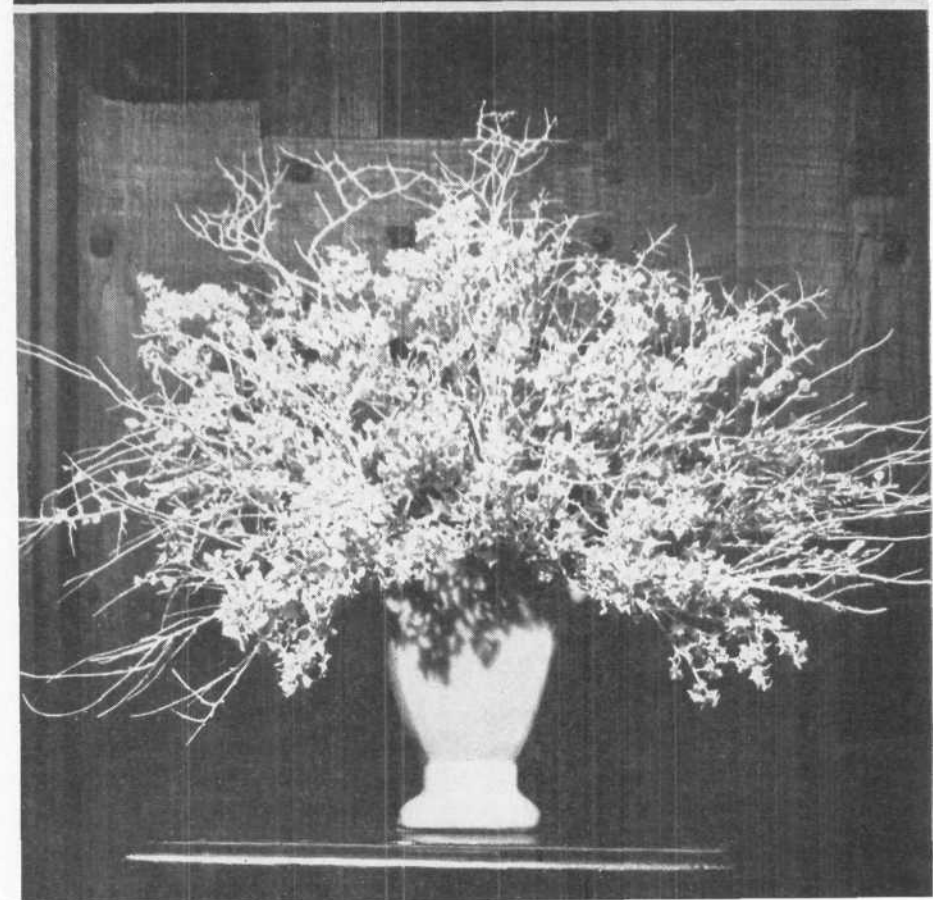
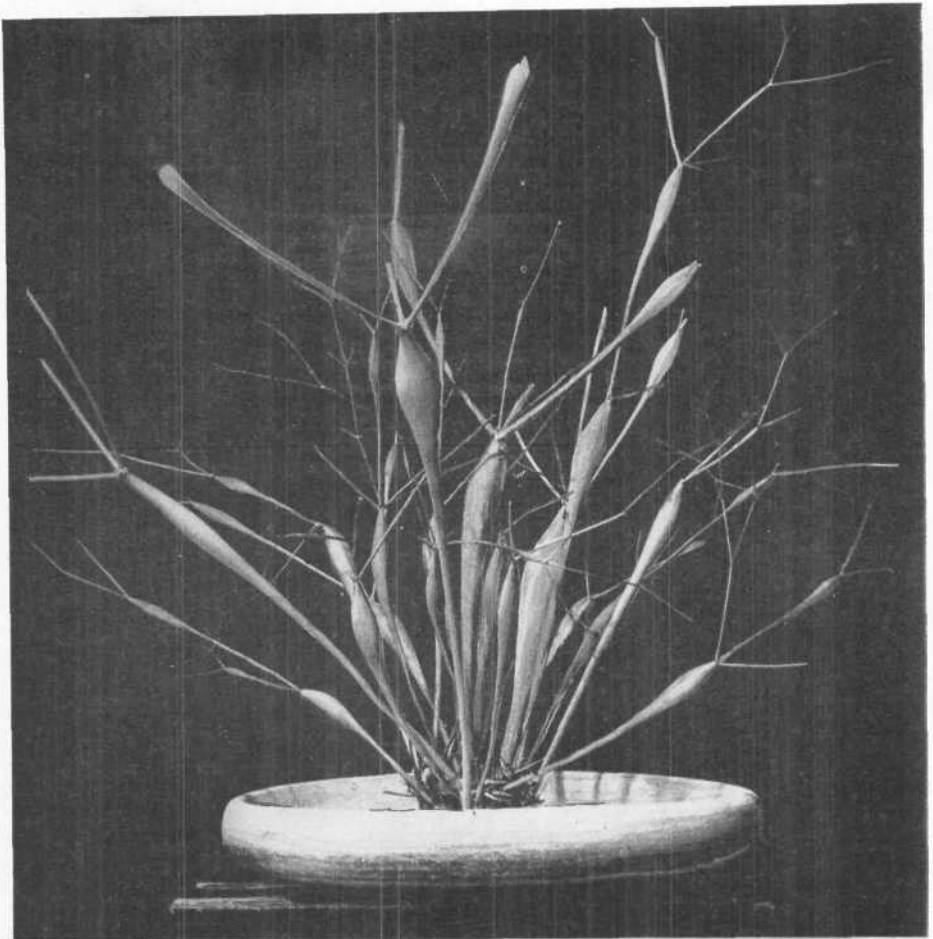
In shallow bowls our enchanted neighbor placed selected branches of the pig-weeds, fixing them in small mounds of cement suitably toned with water color. One of the resulting pieces is reproduced herewith. When it was shown us we freely relented, comparing it to the works of ancient Japanese artists. Our botanical member identified it as just the common shadscale, and another as spiny hop-sage. But Art had glorified them. We would have paid them the honor of their botanical name, *Chenopodiaceae*, if we could have pronounced it.

Another variety of loot from this excursion was a bouquet of desert trumpets, a member of the buckwheat genus that flourishes thickly around Randsburg. The inflated hollow stems were found mottled with coppery reds and deep yellows among the greens, and the colors remained on the dry and fragile plants all winter, yielding an unfailing spot of beauty when well arranged.

More widely distributed, the desert lantern is a prime source of decorative motifs as it is of wonder, even to many desert-dwellers. It is hard to realize that the velvety primrose plants, spreading so squatly on the sands, can transform themselves into these tough, grey skeletons. But the skeletons have inherent beauty, as Mrs. Mennig proves. They have yielded designs for a bookplate, for woven and stencilled fabrics, for fireplace tiles and for ornamental metalwork. They can even be made effective as veritable lanterns, suiting informal outdoor corners.

It was the shadscale branches, however, that really started something. The Lady of the Casa sent several of the arrangements to Pasadena and Los Angeles at Christmas. The gifts were seen and admired, partly because of their novelty. A prominent interior decorator greeted them with enthusiasm and asked for more. The demand has grown, so that Mrs. Mennig finds herself with an infant industry on her hands, and one that is very much to her liking. The industry is on its way to become a community affair and even the school children are learning something of the beauties that are so near at hand and so rarely recognized.

Therein is the moral of this tale, if a moral is needed. All about us, wherever one is, but especially on the desert, is loveliness hidden only by our own lack of vision. Even bleached miles of sun-scorched desert yield unexpected joys if we look with open eyes.



For Nature is an unwearied and ingenious artist. As Shakespeare said of a much more fallible lady: "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Above—Dry skeletons of desert trumpet.
Below—Desert holly and white brush.

Tropical Corals in a Desert Cavern

By JOHN HILTON

IT WAS long after dark when Harlow Jones and I left Highway 66 at Essex on the Mojave desert of Southern California, and took the side-road marked "Mitchell's Caverns."

Jack Mitchell had invited us out to his home at the base of the Providence mountains to look at some fossil rocks he had found in that area.

As we followed the well-graded road across the floor of the desert we could see a light far ahead. It appeared and disappeared like a tiny star on the horizon. Our headlights picked out an occasional tree yucca among the cacti and smaller desert shrubs that grew on both sides of the road.

After a few miles the road began to climb, and we knew we were on the great bajada that rises from the desert floor to the toe of the Providence massif. The light grew larger and then we could make out the dim silhouette of a craggy range beyond it.

We had never met the Mitchells, but felt that we knew them from the things we had read. The cheery welcome that greeted us at the door of their comfortable rock home served to emphasize that feeling. It was not unnatural that we should be received as old friends, for after all we belong to the same fraternity—the fraternity of desert dwellers and rock hounds. These ties are stronger than those of many more formal organizations with presidents and dues and gold keys.

A few minutes later we were gathered in the guest room and Jack Mitchell was warming up to his favorite subject—the caverns. "Now take those corals down there 275 feet underground," he said. "Where else can you see stalactites and ocean corals side by side?"

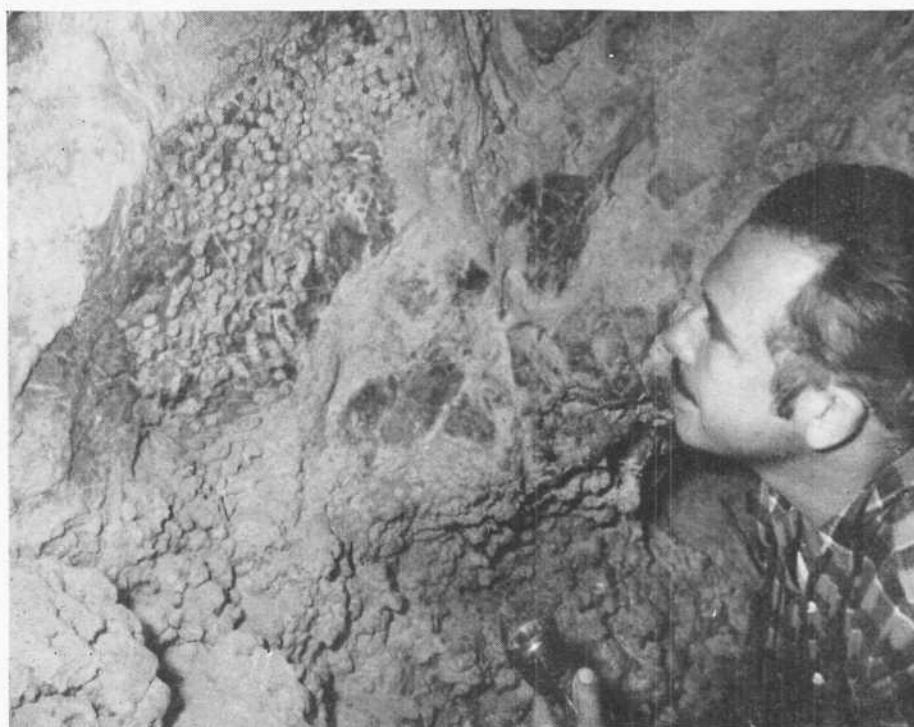
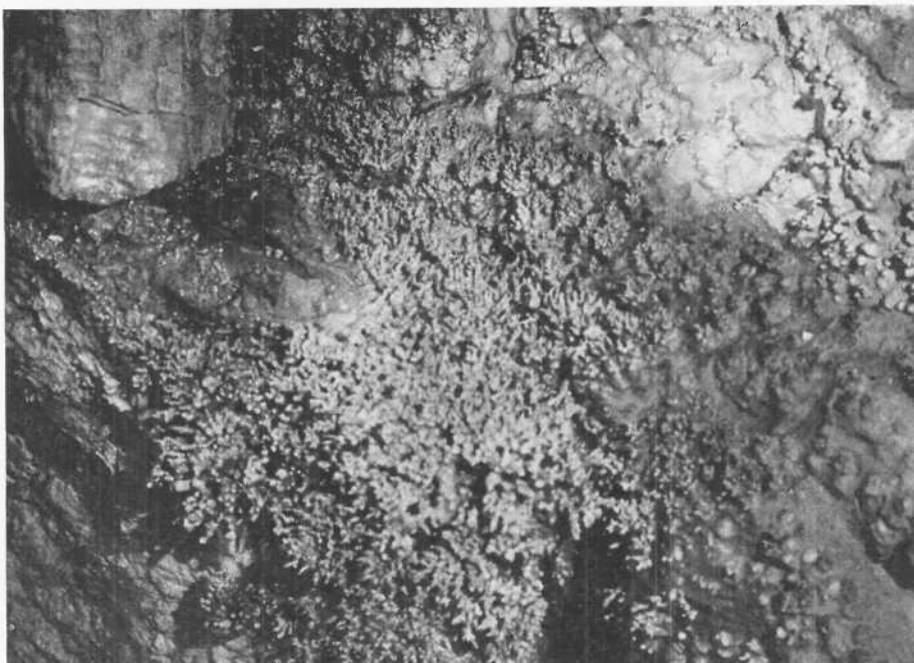
"Wait a minute," I cut in. "Did you say corals? Are you sure they aren't just coral-shaped lime formations?"

"Sure they are corals," he repeated. "The mountain is full of them, and fossil shells too. They belong to the early carboniferous period of geologic history and once thrived in a warm tropical sea. I'll show them to you in the morning, and a lot of other things you wouldn't believe existed on the side of a desert mountain."

So I let it go at that.

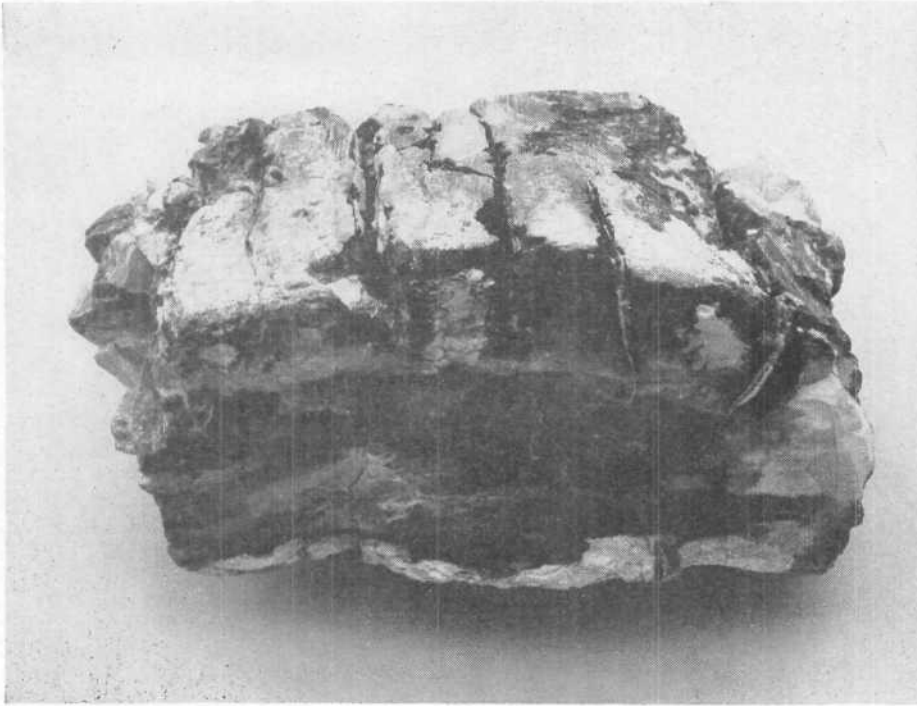
I awakened before sunrise. The tints in

In one of the limestone caverns numerous in California's Providence mountains, John Hilton found well preserved specimens of coral—originally deposited probably millions of years ago in a tropical sea. The Providence range is rich in marine fossils, and it is also the home of two very hospitable veterans of the desert—Ida and Jack Mitchell. You will become better acquainted with them through Hilton's story.



Above—"Cave corals." These are limestone formations which often resemble true coral in form.

Below—True fossil corals found along with the stalactites in the Mitchell caverns in the Mojave desert.



Petrified bark of a redwood tree, found at the base of Providence mountains near the Mitchell caverns.

the eastern sky gave promise of a colorful sunrise, and I started to dress in order to take a colored picture of one of those famous Mojave sunrises. But the pattern on the eastern sky was changing rapidly and I finally had to choose between putting on my shoes or taking the picture. The shoes were still in the house when I snapped the shutter.

After breakfast Jack called me out into the yard. During the next half hour I saw an interesting collection of old frontier

wagons, an electric light plant, a pet squirrel, a peacock, and a lazy catfish named Bolivar. Then Jack started throwing handfuls of grain among the rocks and calling "chukker, chukker, chukker." There was a whirr of wings and a flock of partridges came flying in from all directions for their breakfast. By the time we had inspected the gem-cutting shop and examined pieces of fossil shell and coral lying about on the ground, I was

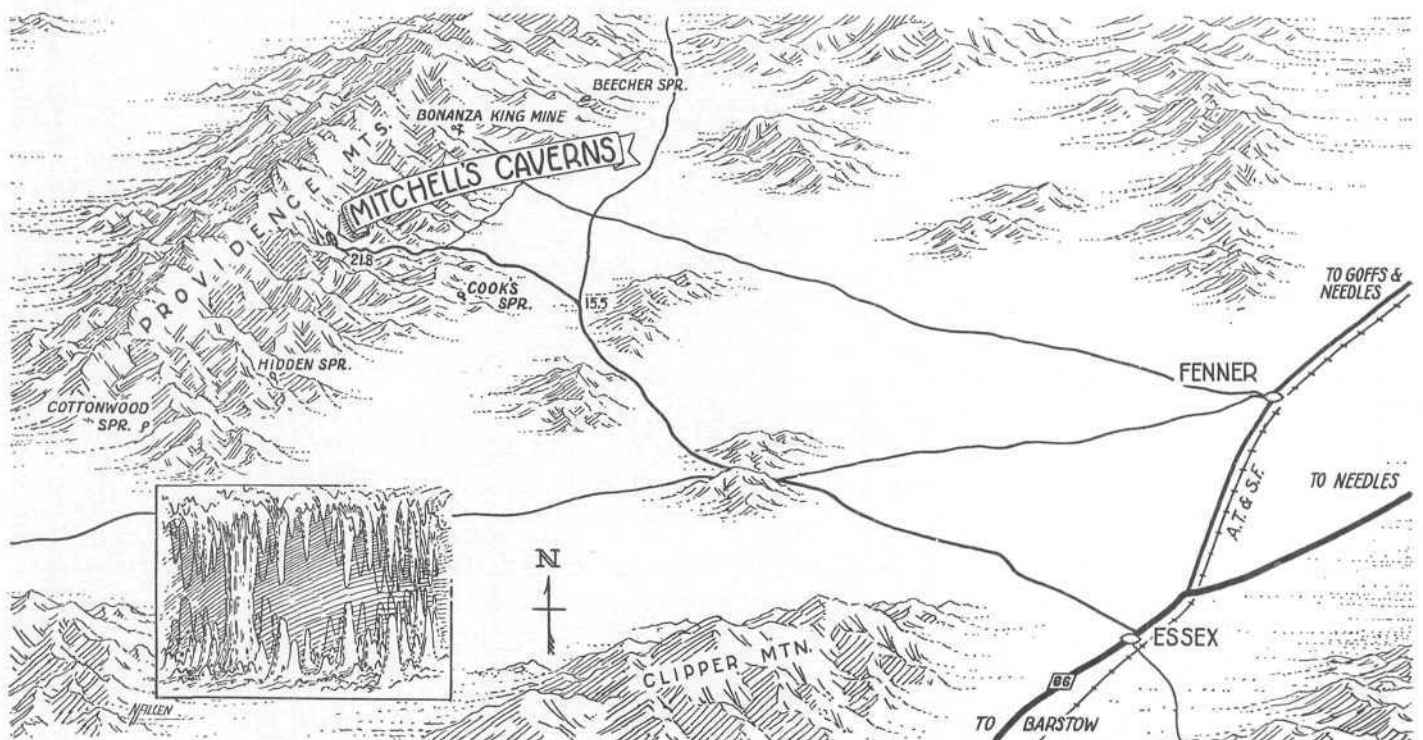
willing to believe most anything Jack told me.

There were boulders of red andesite above the house, with nodules of greenish common opal, making good specimen material. Fossils of marine life seemed to be everywhere. Many of these are imbedded in grey marble that lends itself to cutting and polishing. Mitchell has some of these polished specimens in his workshop and in a display case in the guest room. He told me he would be pleased to have Desert Magazine readers collect specimens on his 160-acre homestead so long as they are willing to follow this simple rule of not breaking up rocks, and are content with a moderate group of samples for their own private collections. "I have some nice specimens of onyx cut from one of my caverns which they may have as souvenirs," he added.

The trail that leads to the caverns will be of special interest to botanists. Mary Beal, who frequently visits this area for botanical study, has identified the shrubs and cacti along the way with labels. Jack claims no rating as a scientist, but he has gathered a store of interesting information about the things in his part of the desert. One gets the impression that he regards every rock and plant and animal as a personal friend.

We stopped at a cavern once occupied by Indians, and he showed us some of the artifacts excavated from the cave dust after he acquired his homestead here.

I am not going to try to describe the Mitchell's caverns in this article. The story of the caves and their stalactites and stalagmites was told in a previous issue of Desert Magazine. But we found min-





Jack Mitchell's workshop, where he cuts and polishes the minerals found in the Providence mountain area.

eral exposures here of special interest to rock and fossil collectors—and I want to tell about these.

Jack led us down through one of the caverns to a small opening just large enough to crawl through. The entrance was festooned with onyx curtains that looked soft as cloth. A flashlight behind them showed their glassy transparency. Overhead was a group of stalactites that had been broken by a destructive visitor who was here before Mitchell took over the caverns. Jack took a stick and played a tune on the stub ends of these stalactites. The effect resembled the tones of a xylophone.

Then Jack told the tale about the chap who was reported to have visited one of the other well known caverns. This visitor declared after he emerged that bats flying around in the chamber would brush against the stalactites with their wings and create strange weird music.

This yarn is quite at variance with the report of scientists who undertook to settle the long-disputed question as to whether or not bats can see in the dark. They hung silk threads from the ceiling of a bat cave with tiny bells at the end of each thread. According to their experiment, the bats circled around the room without ringing a single bell.

There are few bats in that part of the

Mitchell caverns which is open to the public. In fact we did not see a single one during our visit. It may be that the sulphur fumes from the red flares we carried had driven them to other compartments in the vast underground chain of passages.

Finally Harlow and I crawled through the onyx-festooned opening to see the corals Mitchell had told us about. This passage generally is not open to visitors for it extends on the horizontal about 125 feet, and then makes a sheer drop of 75 feet. Harlow remarked that this would make a swell dark room for his photographic laboratory.

The corals were there, several colonies of them on the left wall. Percolating water has eroded them out of their grey limestone matrix so that they stand out now as perfect as that day, millions of years ago, when some cataclysmic disturbance sent them dizzily careening to the side of a newly forming volcano. What a story these corals could tell, of violent earth shocks, extreme temperatures, strange gases and millions of years of unbroken darkness.

There were other passageways leading off from the tunnel we were in and we thought it would be fun, if we had rope, water and food, to spend days exploring these passages. Later Jack Mitchell told us it wasn't as easy as that. One never

knows, he said, whether the floor is genuine or merely a layer of dust supported by broken stalactites which have jammed in the entrance to a pit. Every foot of rock must be carefully tested, and ropes used for safety. He has had some rather terrifying experiences on such exploration trips himself.

We returned from the caverns to an excellent lunch prepared by Mrs. Mitchell. In the afternoon Jack took us to a place on the side of the mountain where there is an abundance of fossil coral and shells in grey polishable marble. There will be plenty of specimens for all who come, he assured us, without picking up any of the specimens along his Nature trail.

We left the Mitchell home reluctantly. They have a little kingdom all their own out here in the Providence mountains. They have the contentment that comes only from close association with natural things. One of Jack's remarks, as we were about to leave, was that he wouldn't trade places with Ford, Dupont or the Maharaja of Indor. He is wealthy in the things he loves. They mean more to him than factories or the Rajah's jewels. His only regret was that he had not come to this place 20 years earlier in life. There is too much to see and enjoy and learn for one short span of life.



Summit of Fremont Island, showing cross chiseled by Kit Carson in 1843. The cross was chalked in order to make it visible for photographic purposes.

'We Cut a Cross'

--wrote Kit Carson

By CHARLES KELLY

SEVERAL years ago an old prospector told me that on Fremont island far out in the Great Salt Lake of Utah he had seen a cross with a dim date chiseled beneath it on a boulder at the summit of the rocky promontory.

The date, he said, was 1561. Since that was many years earlier than any of the known Spanish explorations into the Great Basin, I was skeptical regarding this detail, and decided that sooner or later I would visit the place.

The opportunity came recently when Dr. Thomas C. Adams invited me to join him on a cruise of the lake that would include a stop at Fremont island.

It took us 12 hours to reach the island from the northwest shore in a power boat. As soon as we landed I started to climb to the summit to search for the reported cross and date.

We had no difficulty in finding the cross, very sharply cut on the surface of the highest point of the island. It had apparently been done with an iron chisel and still showed distinctly against the black surface of the rock, although partly covered with lichens. But there was no

date of any kind to indicate how long it had been there or who cut it.

The mysterious cross was a puzzle to all of us. Those familiar with early Spanish explorations insisted it had been put there by some unknown expedition from Mexico or Santa Fe. Some thought it might have been made by French trappers soon after the original discovery of the lake.

I was sure that somewhere in the old records of exploration in the West I would find a clue to the identity of the man who carved that symbol. My quest led back through the pages of history to 1824, the date when James Bridger is credited with having discovered the island.

The following year James Clyman and three companions in a "bull boat" cruised its shores in search of an outlet to the west. It was believed at that time the Salt Lake drained westward into San Francisco bay, and many of the old maps show such a mythical river.

Because of the absence of fresh water along its shores practically nothing was done in the way of exploration by beaver trappers during the next 20 years. Mountainous islands could be seen from the

Charles Kelly's hobby is the quest for old names and dates carved on the rocks by the pioneers who explored the West when it was still wild. He has found these records carved in many odd places. Here is the story of one of his most unusual discoveries—a cross chiseled at the summit of an uninhabited island in the Great Salt Lake. It was put there in 1843 by men whose names are well known to all students of western history.

shore, but apparently they were never visited. To navigate the mysterious waters in a circular boat of buffalo hide was not exactly a pleasure trip, as those first voyagers had discovered. Lacking definite knowledge, the superstitious trappers peopled the islands with a strange race, surrounded by animals and vegetation unknown on the mainland. They reported finding hewn timbers along the shore, indicating that the islands were inhabited by Indians with considerable skill in using tools. An enormous whirlpool in the middle of the lake was said to suck into its vortex anything which floated near. Monsters were supposed to live in the deeper parts of the briny waters.

Except for three small rivers and a few creeks emptying into the lake at its southern end, its shores were most inhospitable. Along two-thirds of its shoreline no fresh water could be found. The Great Salt desert adjoining it on the west extended for 80 miles, perfectly level, salt covered, and without a blade of grass. In 1833 Captain Joseph Walker with a company of trappers, attempted to circle the north end of the lake but were forced to turn back after nearly dying of thirst. In

1841 the Bidwell-Bartleson party, with the first wagons to enter what is now Utah, tried the same thing with disastrous results.

For these reasons there was not much definite knowledge of the Great Salt Lake when John C. Fremont visited it in 1843. It was one of his prime objectives to map the lake and examine some of its islands. For the latter purpose he had brought with him across the plains, with much labor, a collapsible rubber boat in which he proposed to navigate the salt waters. The idea was new and the processes of manufacture only an experiment.

Fremont and his party camped on the lake shore near the mouth of Weber river. As far as the eye could see the water was covered with birds—ducks, geese, swans and gulls. None of his men had ever seen anything like it before and they amused themselves by firing their guns and watching the entire surface of the lake rise into the air with a thunderous pounding of millions of wings.

On September 9, 1843, the rubber boat was inflated and prepared for an expedition to the nearest island, a supply of fresh water being carried in rubber bags. Besides Fremont, the crew selected for this experimental voyage consisted of Kit Carson, Preuss the cartographer, Basil Lajeunesse and Baptiste Bernier. Carson, who had the reputation of being the most fearless of mountain men, was decidedly nervous about the undertaking. The signs were all wrong and he anticipated the worst.



Triangulation point erected on Carrington island, Great Salt Lake, by Capt. Stansbury in 1850.

The large island which was the objective of their voyage, appeared to be but a few miles distant, but it was late afternoon before they reached its shores after strenuous paddling. Fremont, Preuss and Carson immediately climbed to the summit, 800 feet above the lake, to obtain an extensive view while Preuss worked on his map. The three French trappers explored for evidences of strange forms of life but found nothing. There was no evidence whatever that the island had ever been inhabited. From the highest point of the

island Fremont with his telescope picked out objects and estimated distances for Preuss. He laid the brass cap of his telescope on a rock beside him and later thoughtlessly walked off and left it.

The party camped that night on the island, sleeping soundly without fear of attack, for the first time since entering the Indian country. Next morning they began their return journey and in leaving named the place Disappointment island because they had failed to find any of the wonders conjured up by the imaginations of the trappers. Of this return journey Carson says:

"Had not left the island more than a league when the clouds commenced gathering for a storm. Our boat leaking, wind kept one man continuously employed at the bellows. Fremont directed us to pull for our lives, if we do not arrive on shore before the storm commenced we will surely all perish. We had not more than landed when the storm commenced and in an hour the waters had risen eight or ten feet."

Carson stretched the truth somewhat in indicating the rise of the waters; but it is a fact, due to the shallowness of the lake, that a heavy wind will pile the waters onto the shore to a considerable depth. The voyagers, encrusted with salt from the splashing waves and flying paddles, were all thankful to be once more back on firm ground.

No further attempt to explore the lake was made until 1849-50, when Captain Stansbury made the first official government survey. He erected tripods covered with white muslin on various islands as triangulation points, some of which, long since minus the muslin, are still standing. At certain points he built rock monuments



Rock cairn on Antelope island, Great Salt Lake, which contained a metal tube left by Capt. Howard Stansbury in 1850.

in which were placed soldered tin tubes containing records of his survey. I was fortunate enough to retrieve one of those tubes in 1930, badly rusted but still containing the sheet of paper.

Stansbury, having read Fremont's report, made a careful search for the brass cap of Fremont's telescope, left there six years before, but it could not be found. He changed the island's name from Disappointment to Fremont in honor of the Pathfinder's original visit.

In reading the log of Fremont's visit to the island, I concluded that he was the most likely one among all those early explorers to have carved the cross in the rock. He was of the Catholic faith, and had cut a similar cross on Independence Rock in South Pass. But if Fremont had made it, why had he not also cut an accompanying date?

It was not until the publication of Sabin's "Kit Carson Days" that I found the true answer. In telling of the expedition to Disappointment island, Sabin quoted from "Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life," edited by Blanche C. Grant, in which Carson himself said:

"We ascended the mountain and under a shelving rock cut a large cross which is there to this day."

Although Kit Carson cut his name on large trees in various parts of the west during those early days as a trapper and explorer, this cross on Fremont island is the only known mark left by him in the state of Utah. Likewise it is the only mark left by any member of the old Fur Brigade in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake. Many of those hardy mountaineers, like Jim Bridger, could neither read nor write, but it seems strange that those who were literate and who realized they were exploring absolutely virgin country, did not leave more records of their passing on the rocks.

As my friend, J. Roderic Korns, often says: "The government should have furnished all those early trappers with chisels and hammers."

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THE *Desert* MAGAZINE

636 State Street El Centro, California

TRUE OR FALSE

Here's more brain exercise for the Desert Magazine's True or False fans. The answers to all these questions have appeared in Desert

at some time during the last four years. If you haven't been reading the magazine that long, try the test anyway. You will learn something from it even if your score is not high. If you know 10 correct answers you are better informed than the average person. Only the dyed-in-the-wool desert fans score 15 bullseyes. Those super-humans who know more than 15 of the answers are either very smart or very lucky. The answers are on page 24.

- 1—The ripple-like surface often seen on sand dunes is caused by water.
True..... False.....
- 2—A "mud-saw" is a tool used primarily for cutting adobe blocks for construction purposes. True..... False.....
- 3—The Bill Williams river is in Arizona. True..... False.....
- 4—Taos, New Mexico, derives its name from a former Spanish governor.
True..... False.....
- 5—Salt Lake City is the capital of Utah. True..... False.....
- 6—Most of the mineral wealth that came from the Calico mountain on the Mojave desert during the boom period was silver. True..... False.....
- 7—Wild turkeys are still found in the White mountains of Arizona.
True..... False.....
- 8—Mature ironwood trees are taller than catsclaw. True..... False.....
- 9—The old Mexican trail known as Camino del Diablo passed through Tucson.
True..... False.....
- 10—Charleston peak is visible from Reno, Nevada. True..... False.....
- 11—T. E. Lawrence's book "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" has a desert setting.
True..... False.....
- 12—The Lukachukai mountains are on the Apache reservation.
True..... False.....
- 13—Mark Twain once worked on a newspaper at Goldfield, Nevada.
True..... False.....
- 14—Bingham canyon, Utah, is noted for its copper production.
True..... False.....
- 15—Part of the Death Valley national monument is in Nevada.
True..... False.....
- 16—Gas and volcanic disturbance make it hazardous to climb down into Amboy crater on the Mojave desert. True..... False.....
- 17—The color of dumortierite, sometimes known as desert lapis, is blue.
True..... False.....
- 18—Largest city in New Mexico is Santa Fe. True..... False.....
- 19—Tumacacori national monument in Arizona is the site of an old Spanish mission. True..... False.....
- 20—Cahuilla Indians were using woven nets to fish in Salton sea when General Kearny crossed the desert with his Army of the West.
True..... False.....



Two soldiers stationed at old Fort McDowell went into the Tonto Apache country to find the source of the rich gold quartz that the Indians had been bringing to the fort. There is evidence that they found the gold—but the secret of its location was lost when they were attacked by Indian warriors. Some of the old-timers in Arizona have seen the rich quartz from this mine—but its location remains a mystery.

Lost Quartz Vein of the Tonto Apache Indians

By JOHN D. MITCHELL
Illustration by John Hansen

IT HAD long been rumored among early day trappers and scouts that the Tonto Apache Indians were in possession of fabulously rich specimens of gold ore, but it was not until 1865, when the United States government established a regular fort at McDowell, 35 miles northeast of Phoenix, Arizona, on the west bank of the Verde river, that pieces of the wonderful ore appeared in the white man's commerce.

Shortly after Fort McDowell was established the government built a military road across the Mazatzal mountains and down into the Tonto basin. There at the foot of Reno pass a sub-station was maintained for several years for the purpose of restraining the activities of the Tonto Apaches—more especially the renegade band under del Shay.

The establishment of the fort and the camp at Reno pass had



They were, they said, on their way to the wild Mount Ord country northeast of the Fort to search for the Tonto Apache gold mine from whence came the rich ore brought into the fort by the Apache warriors.

a quieting effect on the Apache warriors and they frequently came down from the hills bringing with them pieces of the rich gold quartz to barter for tobacco and other supplies needed by the tribe.

This rich ore never failed to create excitement among the soldiers and the few prospectors who made their headquarters at Fort McDowell and Camp Reno. However, prospecting in those days was a hazardous undertaking as the Indians were constantly on the warpath. Few of the men ever ventured out to search for the precious metal. The soldiers were kept busy chasing the renegades over Apacheland until 1870 when the government decided to abandon Camp Reno and move the troops to Fort McDowell on the Verde river.

On their way down to McDowell the troopers met two young soldiers who had just been discharged from the army. They carried 50-calibre rifles, a supply of ammunition and provisions enough to last them several months. They said they were on

their way to the wild Mount Ord country northeast of the fort to search for the Ton-to Apache gold mine from whence came the rich ore brought in by the Apache warriors.

The officers from Camp Reno explained to the boys that it was a dangerous undertaking and that the Apache warriors would shoot them on sight if they were caught in the vicinity of the gold mine. The soldiers refused to turn back and were last seen heading into the brush-covered Ord range.

Years passed, but no word ever came out of the rugged hills to indicate the fate

that had befallen the soldiers. The Indians under Geronimo and other famous leaders continued to raid ranches and mining camps until 1886, when they were finally rounded up and placed on reservations.

The names of the boys were forgotten and the mystery of their disappearance unexplained until five years later when two sheepherders driving their flocks down from the hills came upon five skeletons scattered among the rocks on a high ridge on the northern slopes of Mount Ord. Shreds of clothing remained near two of the skeletons and from this clue and information disclosed by examination of

teeth and hair, the herders decided that two of the victims had been white men in the uniform of soldiers, and the other three Indians. Empty shells for a 50-calibre rifle were found in the gravel, confirming the conclusion that these were the remains of the soldiers who had gone out to find the Apache gold mine.

While poking around among the bones the sheepherders picked up a large piece of white quartz literally covered with bright yellow gold. Henry Hardt of Chandler, Arizona, lived in the Mount Ord country at the time and saw the specimen. Hardt described it to the writer as being about three inches long, two inches broad and at least one third gold. A ton of such ore at the present price of gold would be worth a fabulous figure.

Many of the old-timers share Hardt's opinion that the boys had found the mine and were on their way out when attacked by the three Indians whose bones were grim evidence of the fight the soldiers put up before their ammunition gave out.

It is a well-known fact among mining men that ore of such great richness seldom occurs in very large quantities. However, a small stringer or pocket of such ore would produce a great fortune for the lucky finder. In recent years Apache wood haulers have been known to bring pieces of this rich ore into Phoenix and Scottsdale. One old Indian described the ore as coming from a white quartz stringer, the eight foot hole being covered over with a packrat nest.

Why Import Power When We Have An Adequate Supply at Home...?

Defense and armament industries today are needing more and more power. An actual shortage exists in some places and federal agencies are bending every effort toward the development of new sources, and the utilization of all the electrical energy now available.

The need for power in this period of national emergency has a direct bearing on the situation that exists in Imperial Valley today.

Until recently, Imperial users were dependent to a more or less extent on electrical current brought here over hundreds of miles of transmission lines. This imported power was costly, but until local power was developed it was the only alternative.

Today that situation has changed. With two All-American canal power drops now in operation and a huge diesel plant standing by with additional capacity, the need no longer exists to go beyond the limits of our own community for electrical current to supply all our needs.

There are ample markets outside of Imperial Valley for the electrical energy produced elsewhere—markets where it can be delivered far more economically than over the long transmission lines into this valley.

On the other hand, the most economical market for Imperial Irrigation district's power is here at home in Imperial Valley. There is no need for imported electricity in this community when an ample supply is being produced within a few miles of our own switch boards.

Imperial Irrigation District electricity is cooperatively owned and distributed—it belongs to Imperial Valley people, and all the profits from its operation accrue to our own benefit.

Eventually you will be on District lines—why postpone it longer?

Imperial Irrigation District



Use Your Own Power—Make it Pay for the All American Canal

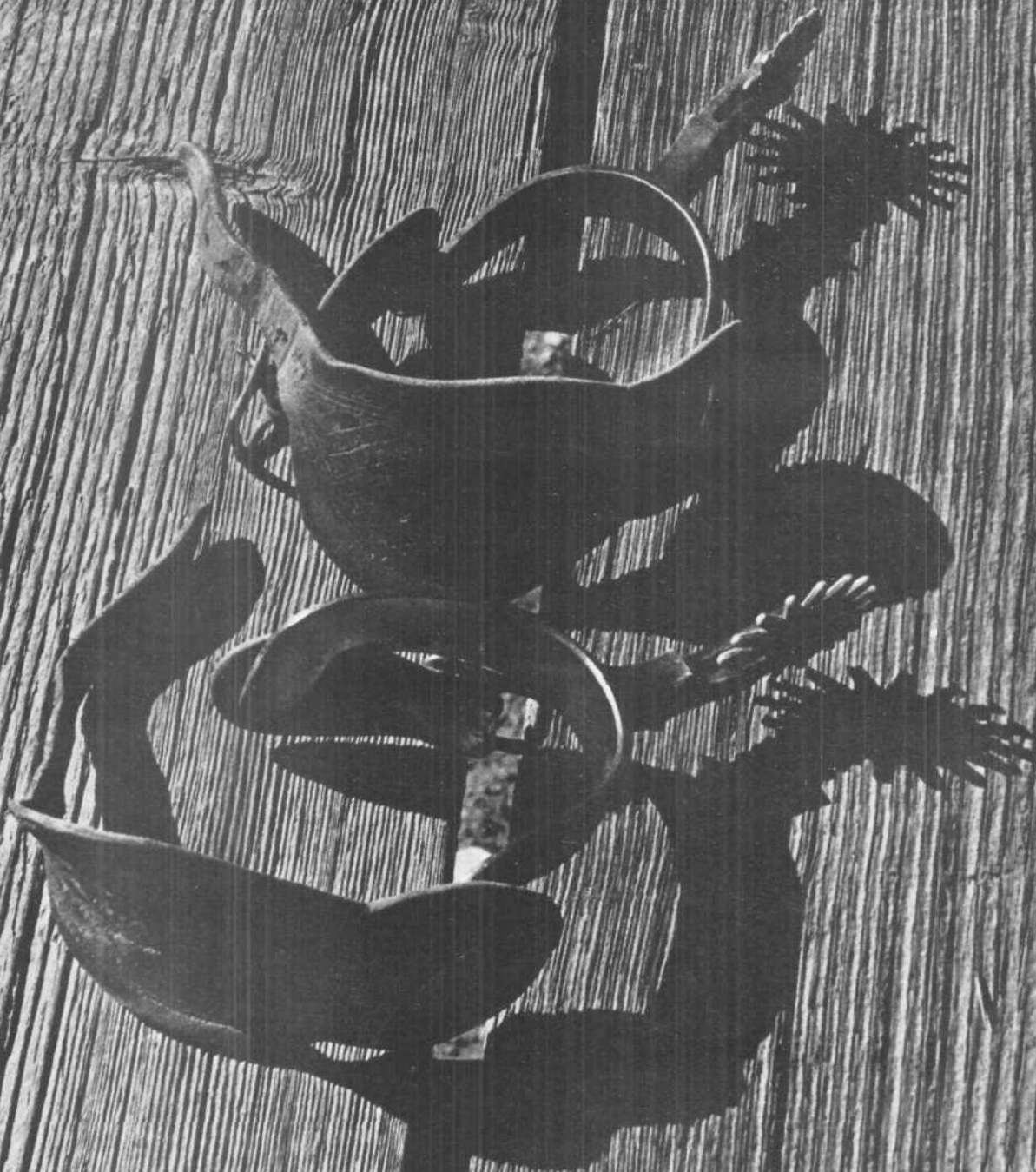
TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions are on page 22.

- 1—False. The ripples are caused by wind.
- 2—False. A "mud-saw" is primarily a piece of lapidary equipment.
- 3—True.
- 4—False. Taos derives its name from the Indian pueblo at this place.
- 5—True. 6—True. 7—True. 8—True.
- 9—False. Camino del Diablo extends from Sonora along the Arizona-Mexico boundary to the Colorado river at Yuma.
- 10—False. Charleston peak is seen from Las Vegas, Nevada.
- 11—True.
- 12—False. The Lukachukai mountains are in the Navajo reservation.
- 13—False. Mark Twain worked at Virginia City.
- 14—True. 15—True.
- 16—False. Amboy crater has been extinct since the white man came to the Southwest.
- 17—True.
- 18—False. Largest city in New Mexico is Albuquerque.
- 19—True.
- 20—False. There was no Salton sea when Kearny came west.

YAVAPAI COUNTY

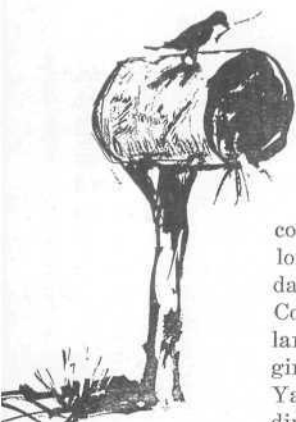
—THE HEART OF ARIZONA'S ENCHANTED
CIRCLE AND WONDERLAND!





NORMAN G. WALLACE

The Yavapai County court house at Prescott, one of the most beautiful structures in the west, is picturesquely situated in a tree-filled square. This building is truly indicative of the spirit of progress of Yavapai's citizens.



Rising in the very heart of Arizona's broad expanse, hemmed in on all sides by sister counties, is Yavapai, long known in early days as "Mother of Counties." Then the largest of the four original Arizona counties, Yavapai has since been divided and new coun-

ties created until today, although a shell of her former self, she still remains one of the favored areas of wealth and great scenic beauty.

The pine-clothed hills of Yavapai, rolling in broken rhythm to the far-flung horizons, are old—very old; yet the ever-refreshing fragrance of evergreen after frequent summer showers, spread over and through her two million acres of national forest by gentle cool breezes, exemplifies youth eternal and inspiration everlasting.

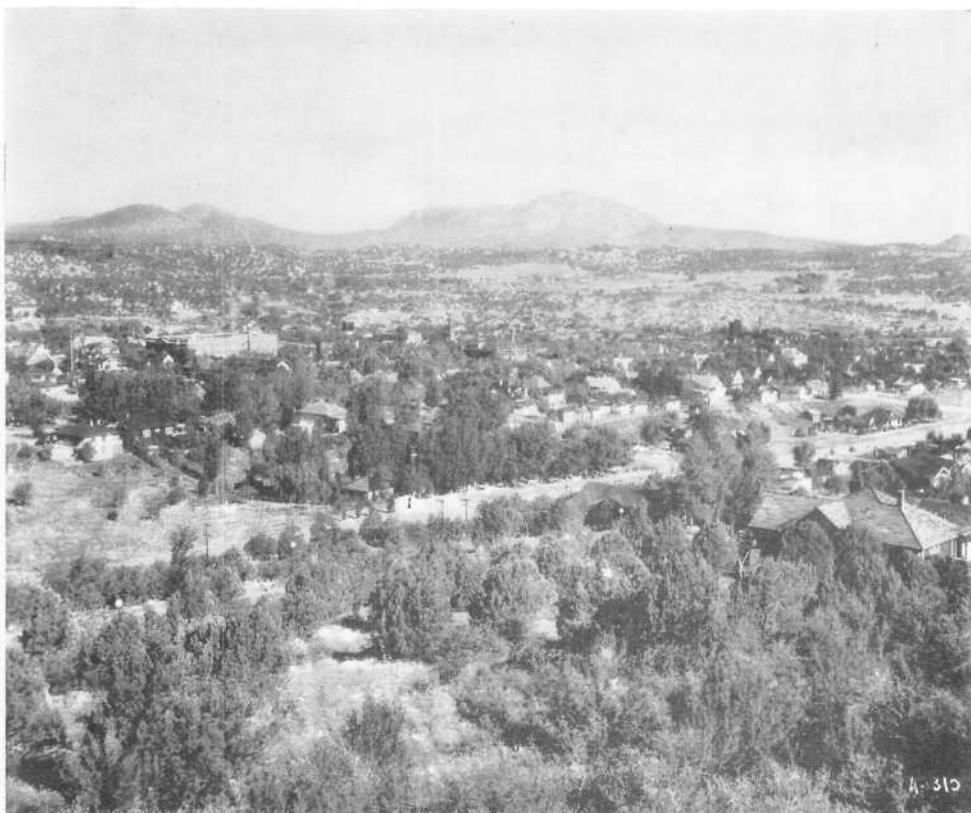
Untold wealth has been scooped from Yavapai's metal laden hillsides and creek beds, and aside from the countless tons brought up from the depths, buried deep are yet vast deposits of copper and other metals to match in values the great gold deposits for which this county has long been noted. Yavapai ranks first of Arizona's fourteen counties in the number of producing mines.

Spread between the metal and tree-laden

★ ★ ★ ★ OLD

DRAWINGS BY

Prescott was selected as the site of the first territorial capital in 1864. This busy place is now the center of a great mining, livestock and vacation area. The first rodeo ever held was staged here.





COURTESY, YAVAPAI ASSOCIATES

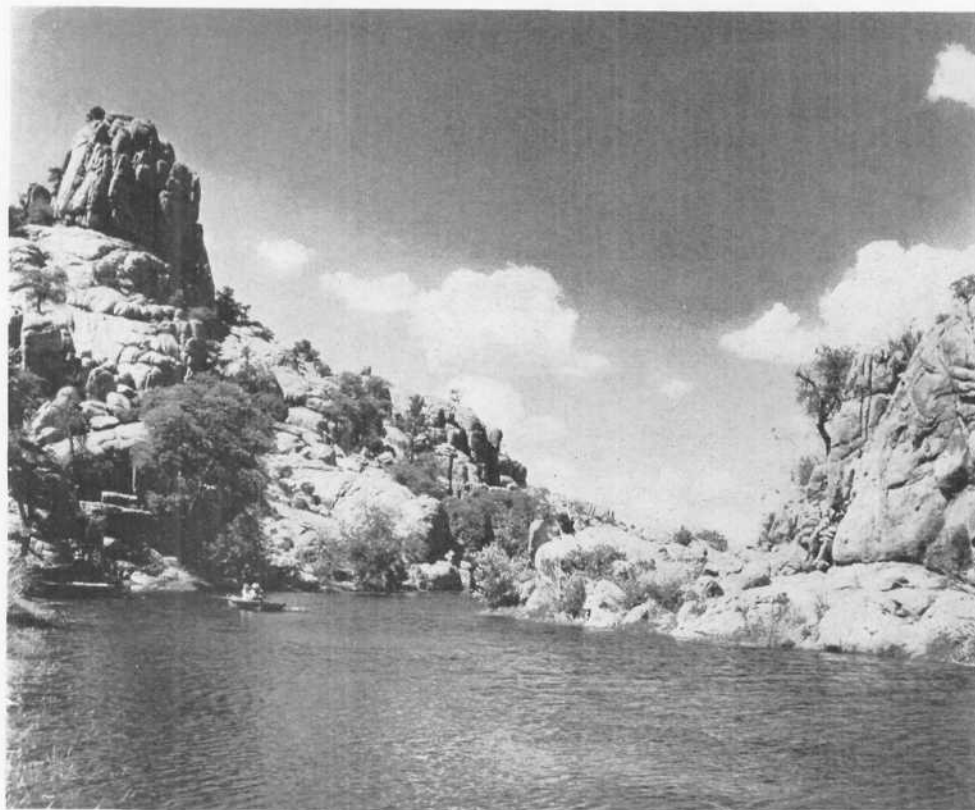
The Old Governor's Mansion, built in 1864, is one of the interesting historical centers in Prescott. Now a museum, under the care of Sharlot Hall, distinguished Arizona pioneer, this building houses relics of Yavapai's illustrious past.

YAVAPAI ★

ROSS SANTEE

Granite Dells, near Prescott, is traversed by U. S. Highway 89. A number of motion pictures have been made here in the past two years. The Dells is a popular recreational center.

DU BOIS CORNISH

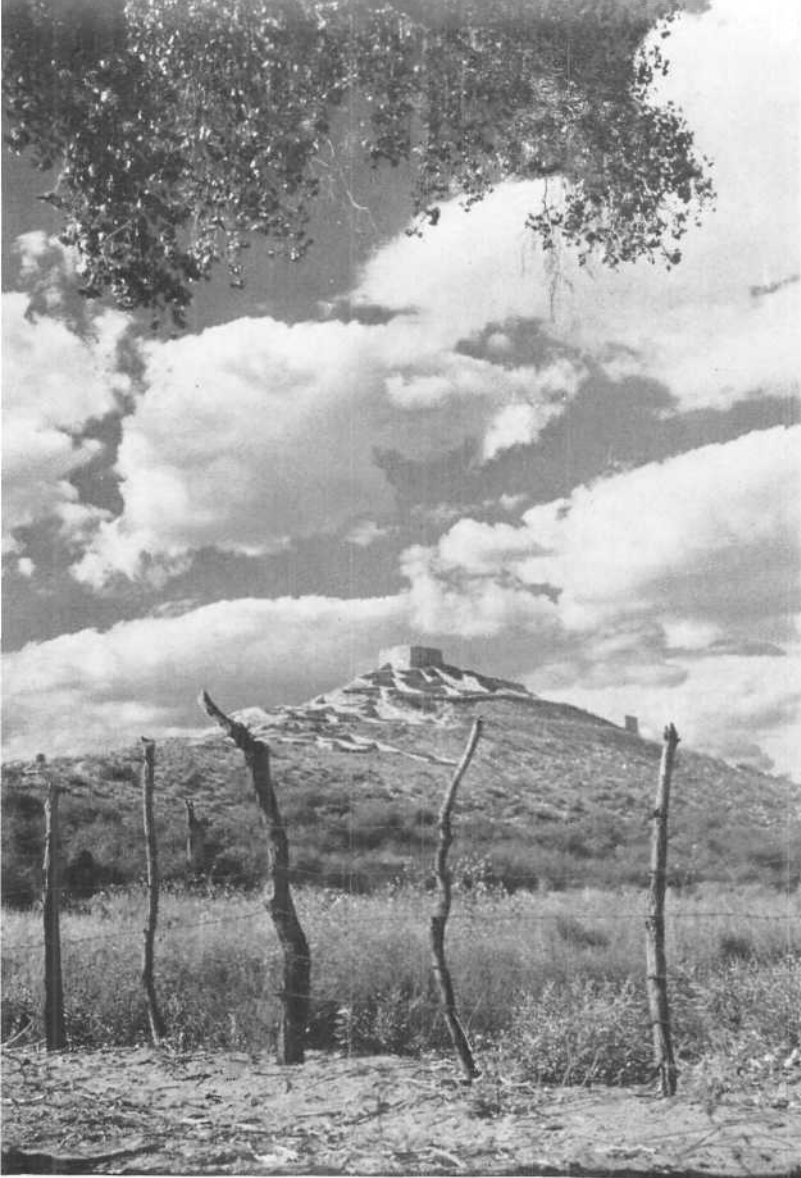


hills are verdant valleys which the magic touch of gentle rains and irrigation waters have made both prosperous and beautiful. And there is the great sweep of grazing lands supporting many thousands of head of cattle, sheep, angora goats and other stock. The county ranks second in the state in range cattle and sheep, while first place is held in the production of mohair from the goats.

The many archaeological, geological and botanical wonders of Yavapai county, blending into this grand array of natural resources, have made this a year-round vacationland of unsurpassed beauty and pleasure. The densely wooded section is the habitat of much wild game, lion, bear and smaller animals, and the crystal streams contain many fish to delight the angler. Spread out from Yavapai county on all sides are hundreds of additional attractions, sights and wonders in neighboring counties, easily accessible and worthy of a visit and the time spent.

Prescott, the hub and county seat of Yavapai, is known as Arizona's mile high city and appropriately called "Jewel of Arizona's Mountains." It was near here in 1864 that a temporary capital was established and where the first territorial legislature met. Prescott is the home of the renowned 4th of July Frontier Days celebration and the famed Smoki Dances.

The Yavapai county court house here, a classical structure of white granite, is one of



NORMAN G. WALLACE

Tuzigoot National Monument, near Clarkdale, Camp Verde, Cottonwood and Cornville, is an interesting prehistoric ruin, one of Yavapai's many scenic attractions.

« «

Old Yavapai . . . land of mountains and plateaus . . . land of extensive ranches . . . real cow outfits, many accepting guests who aspire to a genuine taste of western life.



NORMAN G. WALLACE

JACK NORTHROP

NORMAN G. WALLACE



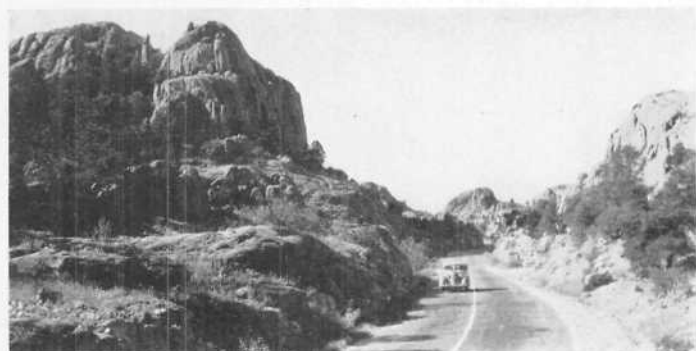
The statue in the court house plaza at Prescott, honoring the Rough Riders from Arizona.

the most beautiful buildings in the Southwest, and the equestrian statue of the Rough Rider by Solon Borglum is a striking tribute to Arizona's sons fighting in the Spanish-American War.

One of Prescott's outstanding attractions is the Old Governor's Mansion, a log structure built in 1864 and which now holds relics of Arizona's early days.

Northeast of Prescott stands one of the unique cities of the world—Jerome—great copper mining camp of the Phelps Dodge Corporation. Clinging to the steep sides of the rich copper-laden Black Hills, Jerome's houses, supported in their precarious positions by props and stilts, appear as though they might collapse and crash to the canyon depths below. One can almost lean from the porch of his home and look down the chimney of his neighbor's house on the street below. Truly one of the most interesting sights in a wonder-strewn countryside is Jerome, and driving from the town at night the identity of the town is lost

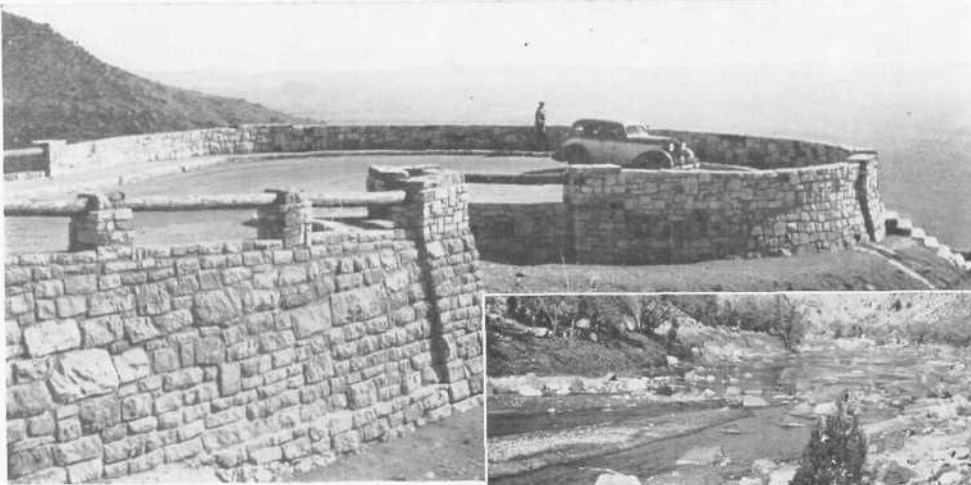
U. S. Highway 89, a ribbon of beauty through Granite Dells. Wide, modern highways through Yavapai county serve well the modern traveler.





Desert View on
Yarnell Hill...

Along the upper
Verde...



except for the hundreds of blinking lights and they too are blended in with the starlit heavens.

A few miles along is the Company's Clarkdale Smelter, built here for lack of room at Jerome. Great clouds of smoke belch skyward from gigantic stacks day and night as the copper producing industry continues on and on in endless activity.

Skirting Yavapai county's northern boundary are the two railroad centers, Ashfork and Seligman. The first railroad to Prescott was built from Seligman in 1888, and now the magnificent streamliners streak across the Continent, the Santa Fe's Chief and Super-Chief, and from Ashfork, a Santa Fe branch line now slashes its way through passes and around scenic hills to Prescott and on to Phoenix. In other towns and camps, scattered throughout the hills and valleys and nestled high in the pines, live and work miners, stock-raisers, agriculturalists and vacationists. And here and there in the expansive hills are seen lone tents and cabins of the prospector, his toils never ending and with each new day, hopes of making a strike are renewed.

As a vacationland, Yavapai, especially during the summertime draws many thou-

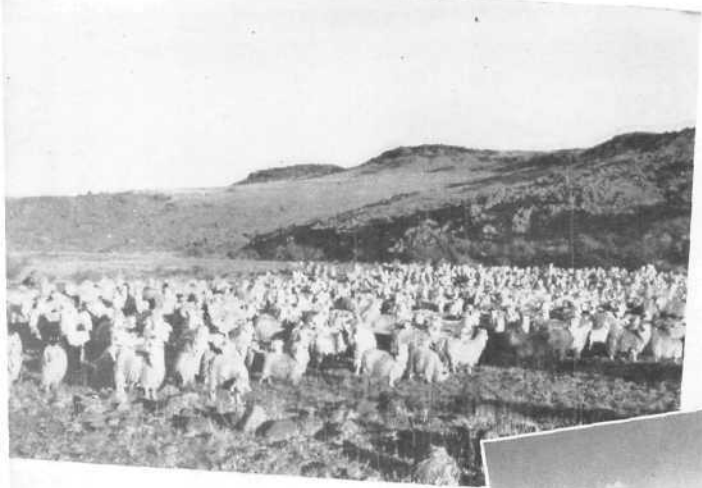
Montezuma Well, on Beaver Creek, is a crater-like depression, apparently without bottom. It has a flow of 2,000,000 gallons every 24 hours.



A cliff dwelling in the limestone
cliffs encircling Montezuma Well.

JOSEPH MILLER

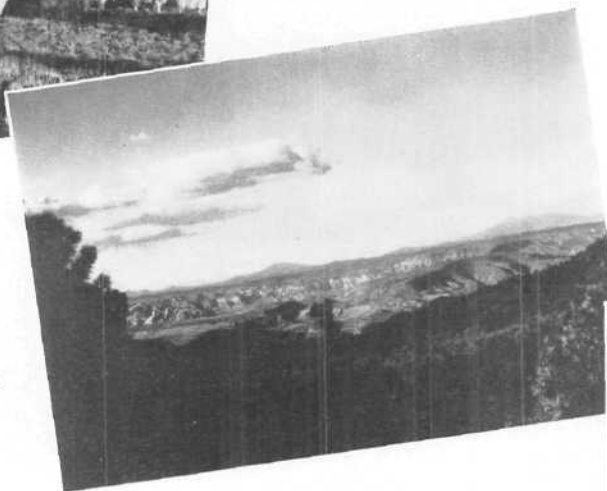




Angora goats—part of Yavapai's wealth.

“ “

A vista of distance and pine in Yavapai.



ands of pleasure seekers who come to enjoy the coolness of the great forest areas with their many splendidly equipped camping facilities. Also the dude ranches and working cow ranches attract their share of tourists.

One of the striking features, welcomed by the motorist on his initial trip through Yavapai county, in fact in all of Arizona, is the vast network of sleek, smooth modern highways which lead to almost any point in mind. U. S. 89 stretches its hard-surfaced cushion from the Mexican border, through southern Arizona's so-called desertland, through Yavapai's fascinating hills and valleys, to northern Arizona's high mesaland and on to the Utah line. Skirting the northern rim of the county is Coast to Coast U. S. 66. Numerous paved and graveled auxiliary roads connect and reach out from these splendid arteries.

U. S. Highway 89 wends its way from Prescott through the beautiful Granite Dells and Garden of the Gods region which is truly unique in itself.

Beyond Granite Dells, through Jerome and Clarkdale, new vistas are always coming into view. About a mile across the Verde River from Clarkdale is Tuzi-

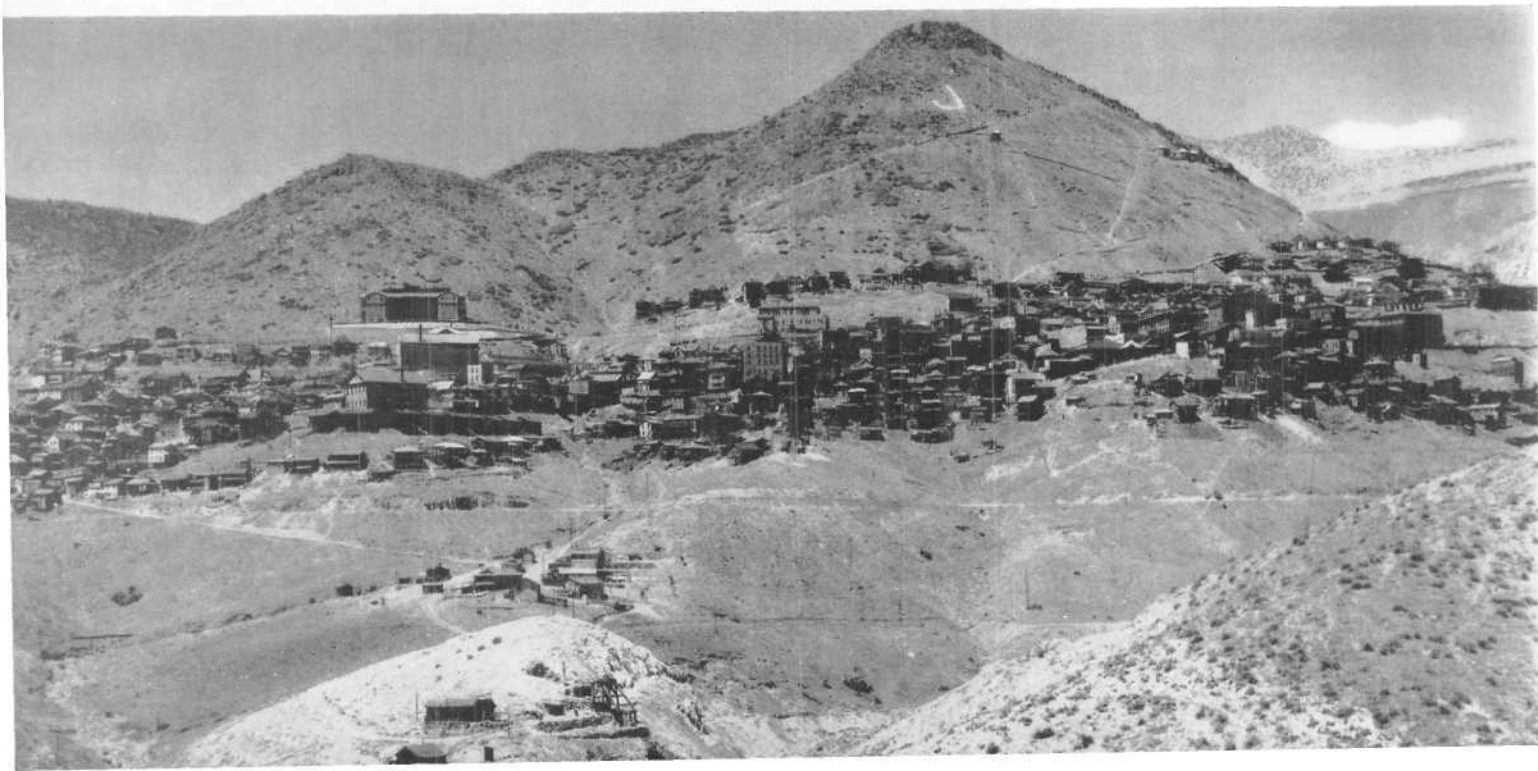


The smoke stacks of the Clarkdale Smelter.

“ “

Jerome—one of the great copper camps of the world—clings to the steep sides of the Black Hills of Yavapai County.

NORMAN G. WALLACE





NORMAN G. WALLACE

Clarkdale, the smelter town of Yavapai, in the great Verde Valley.



Sheep in a fertile Yavapai valley.

« «
Extensive range herds throughout the hills of Yavapai.



goot National Monument, a group of prehistoric ruins. Constructed during the eleventh century and abandoned in the fourteenth century, the present excavations have revealed 87 living rooms on the slope of a rise in the valley.

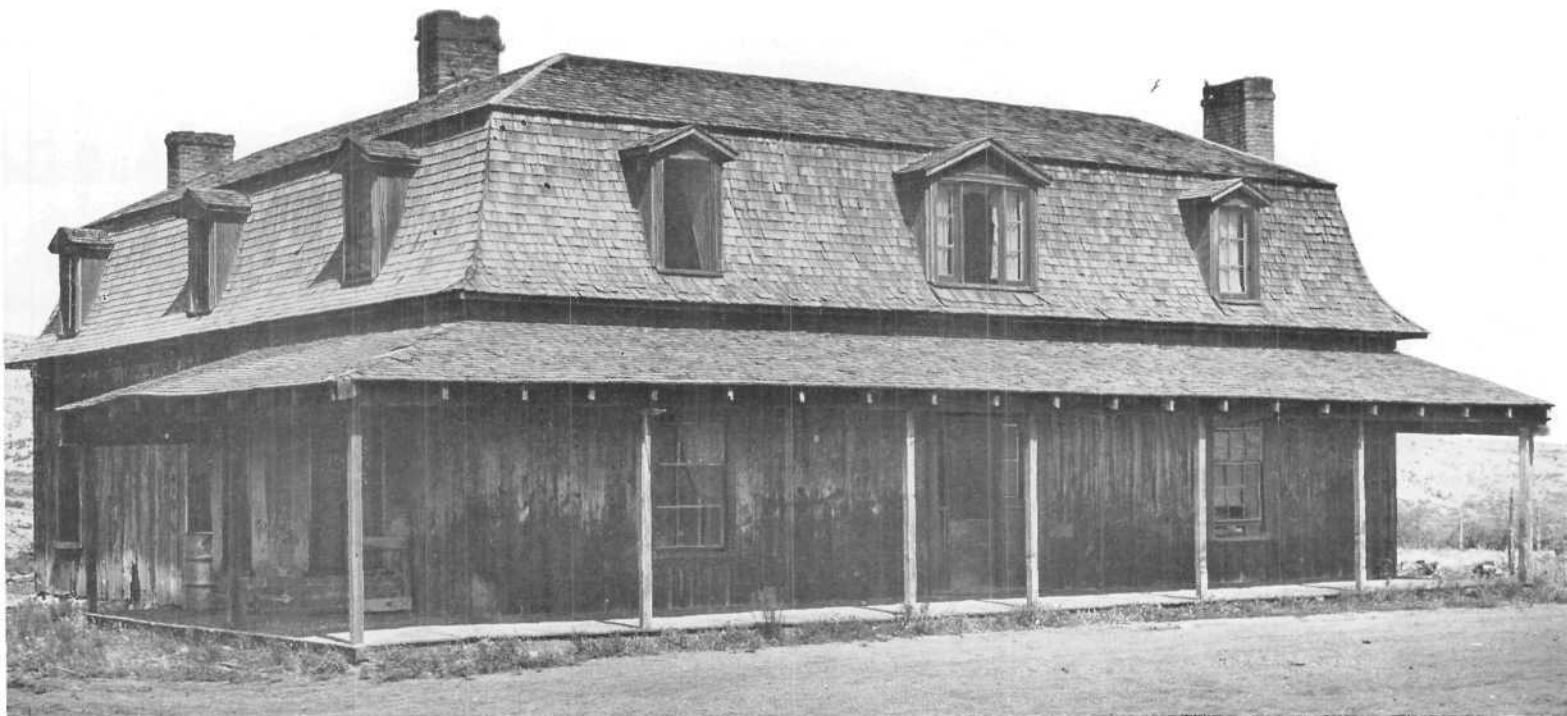
A short distance from Tuzigoot and Clarkdale are two equally spectacular sights, Montezuma Well and Montezuma Castle National Monument. Montezuma Well is a crater-like depression, 470 feet in diameter, and containing fresh water, the depth of which has been sounded to 800 feet without striking bottom.

Montezuma Castle, built of adobe high up in the recess of a perpendicular cliff, is forty feet high and with five stories of seven rooms. The Castle, which is a few miles below the Well, is said to be the finest preserved and one of the most spectacular of all prehistoric structures.

A most interesting trip through Yavapai county is by way of the Black Canyon Road through the Bradshaw mountains. This road was formerly the old stagecoach line from Phoenix to Prescott, skirting old mining towns, many now only ghost towns, while others are still alive as metal producing centers.

The Joshua Tree—symbol of Yavapai's variety of terrain . . . from Joshua to pine.





JACK NORTHROP

The soldiers barracks at Camp Verde in the Valley of Enchantment remains today in eloquent testimony of the stirring days of the Apache Wars in Arizona. The Verde Valley is rich in historical and scenic interest.

Along the RIO VERDE

BY CHARLES STEMMER

A LONG the Rio Verde lies the Valley of Enchantment, the great Verde River and its tributaries, a great basin, an ancient sea bed. It is surrounded on the north and east by the Mogollon Rim which breaks off into the valley in a series of wild, rugged, multicolored gorges and ravines, some over two thousand feet deep, and some through which course crystalline streams of water. On the west and south the Black Hills tower over five thousand feet above the valley as they rear their timbered crested heights above ragged canyons and cliffs.

For seventy-five miles from the western rim of Sycamore Canyon to Jack's Canyon twelve miles southeast of Sedona, Arizona, there extends a belt over fifteen miles in width in which are mountains of unbelievable beauty and color; of Cyclopean and grotesque rock sculpture. This region alternately laughed and scowled at the puny efforts of three distinct Indian races, covering a period of fifteen hundred years, to sustain themselves. In mute evidence of this are countless ruins, burial grounds, and picture writings scattered all through the labyrinth of ravines and mountains and then along the table mountains that skirt the Verde River are to be found countless ruins in attesting witness.

This great region but recently opened to the public by the Forest Service is the scene of some of the last stands of the Apaches with whom General Crook fought, who were conquered by him. The ancient Spaniards in their cross-state trek in the seventeenth century from Yuma to the Little Colorado passed through this area, and much evidence bolsters the lore and legend of lost gold mines in the Sycamore, the old smelter in

Dry Creek, and the stolen Mission Bell from a New Mexican Mission, the waylaying and slaughtering of these early Spanish adventurers by the wild Apaches in the upper Sycamore and the Dry Creek region. There are those who claim in the darkness of night oftentimes in this area, weird spectral lights have been seen, said to be the puny efforts of discontented spirits of the vanquished to convey a message to those who observed. At any rate a glance at this section would but convince the traveler the area is worthy of all mystery and legend ever attached to it.

The most artistically beautiful gorge in the United States, twenty-five hundred foot Oak Creek Canyon, penetrates a portion of this wild area. Its miles of clear, cool water, laden with trout, resorts and camp grounds along its course, and towering rock temples and minerets of impressive beauty mark this still little known ravine.

At Sedona, a thriving community thirty-five miles south of Flagstaff with its three hundred population and beautiful farm area, Oak Creek Canyon broadens out from the Canyon proper into the beginning of the Valley of Enchantment. To the northwest, just off Alternate 89 is the wonderful amphitheatre known as Dry Creek just made available to the public by efforts of the Forest Service. Two hitherto unknown natural bridges were discovered here, the Vultee in solid rock named after an official of the Vultee Aircraft Corporation who lost his life in a crash near it some years ago. Then there is the Devil's Arch, very aptly named, Sterling Canyon, Lost Wilson Mountain, Secret Canyon, Boynton Canyon, all 2000 feet deep or more, wild and rugged, full of ruins, picture writings and intensely colorful, and pleasantly mingled all through this



JACK NORTHROP

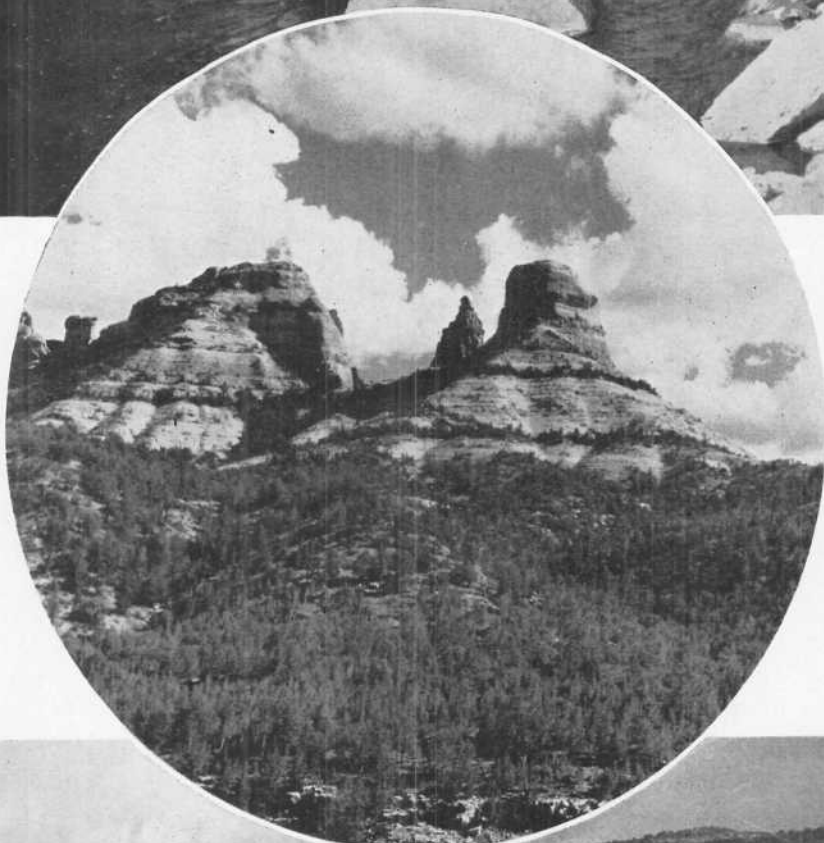
A monument erected to a pioneer of the Verde. The inscription reads: "In memory of Wales Arnold, Co. E. 5th Cal. Vol. Inf., scout in Apache Wars, post trader at Camp Verde, Pioneer farmer in the Verde Valley; and his wife, the beloved 'Auntie Arnold of all the Verde.'"



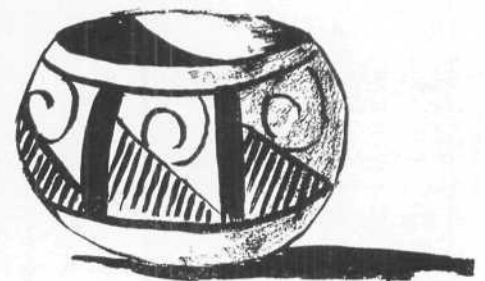
development of the Old Eureka claim. Jerome is 5200 feet above sea level and the Eureka claim about 300 feet higher.

Six miles below Jerome on the Verde near Tuzigoot, is Clarkdale, established in 1913. Here is one of the largest smelters in the west, operated by the Phelps Dodge Corporation, which maintains a model town of three thousand people. Near Clarkdale is a model golf course, and Peck's Lake, a natural lake of great beauty, well stocked with bass. Two miles from Clarkdale is Tuzigoot Ruin, recently restored and having one of the most complete set of artifacts in its museum of any National monument in the Southwest.

Other communities in the Valley of Enchantment are Cornville, on Paradise Flats, established in the late 60's. Famous for its heavy corn crops, it is a small village with about 300 population, has stores, service stations, post office, amusement hall, schools, and many nice homes surrounding it. It is on Oak Creek and close to many unnamed Indian ruins. There are many fine ranches close by and cattle raising and agriculture and horticulture are its main resources. Just fifteen miles farther east on Beaver Creek



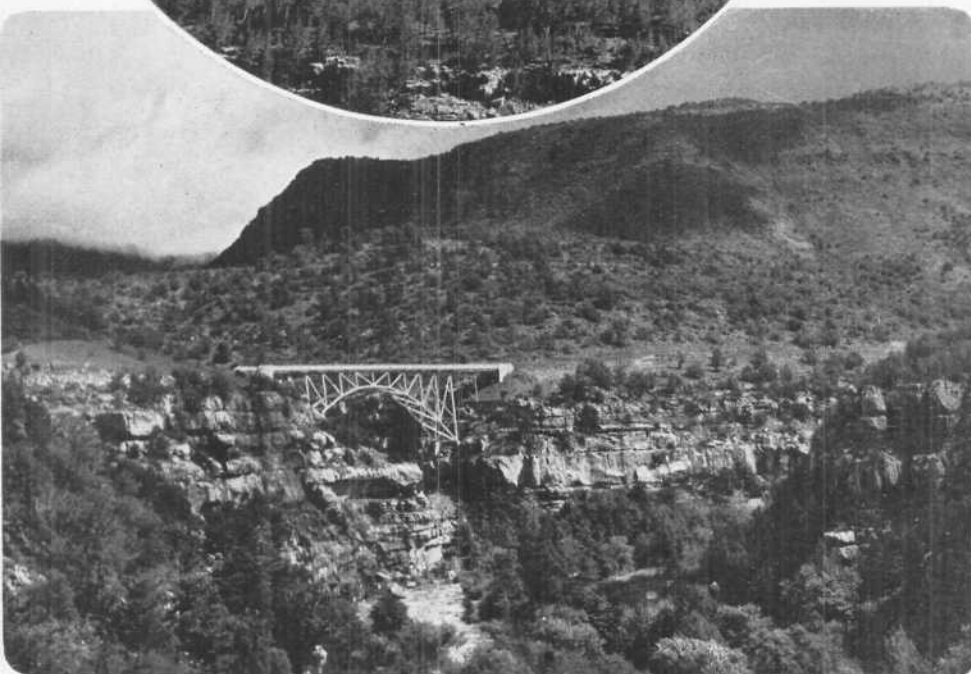
Oak Creek Canyon, one of the tributary scenic spots joining the Verde Valley, one of the most colorful places in the West.



is the post office of Rimrock surrounded by guest ranches, and large cattle ranches. Immediately at Rimrock is Soda Springs Ranch, a guest ranch so named from a soda spring on the place, renowned for its medicinal value. Not far from here is the Charles A. Ward Cattle Ranch on East Beaver Creek, and lower down on Beaver Creek a few miles below Rimrock is the Dart Cattle Ranch. Others with large ranches in this section are Larry Mellon and Stewart Hall.

This great valley with its fishing, its boating, its colorful scenery, its weird and mysterious surroundings is of great potentiality as a travel and vacation center. Here the artist can find material for the wildest fling of his colors, the author can find plenty of locale for his stories, the botanist can enlarge his collection from the great variety of flora of the area. The archaeologist, and the palaentologist can find untold material in the Valley of the Rio Verde for research and study. Supreme travel enjoyment awaits everyone passing this way.

For detailed information pertaining to Yavapai's resources: mining, stock raising, farming, scenic attractions and climatic advantages write Yavapai Associates, Courthouse, Prescott, Ariz.

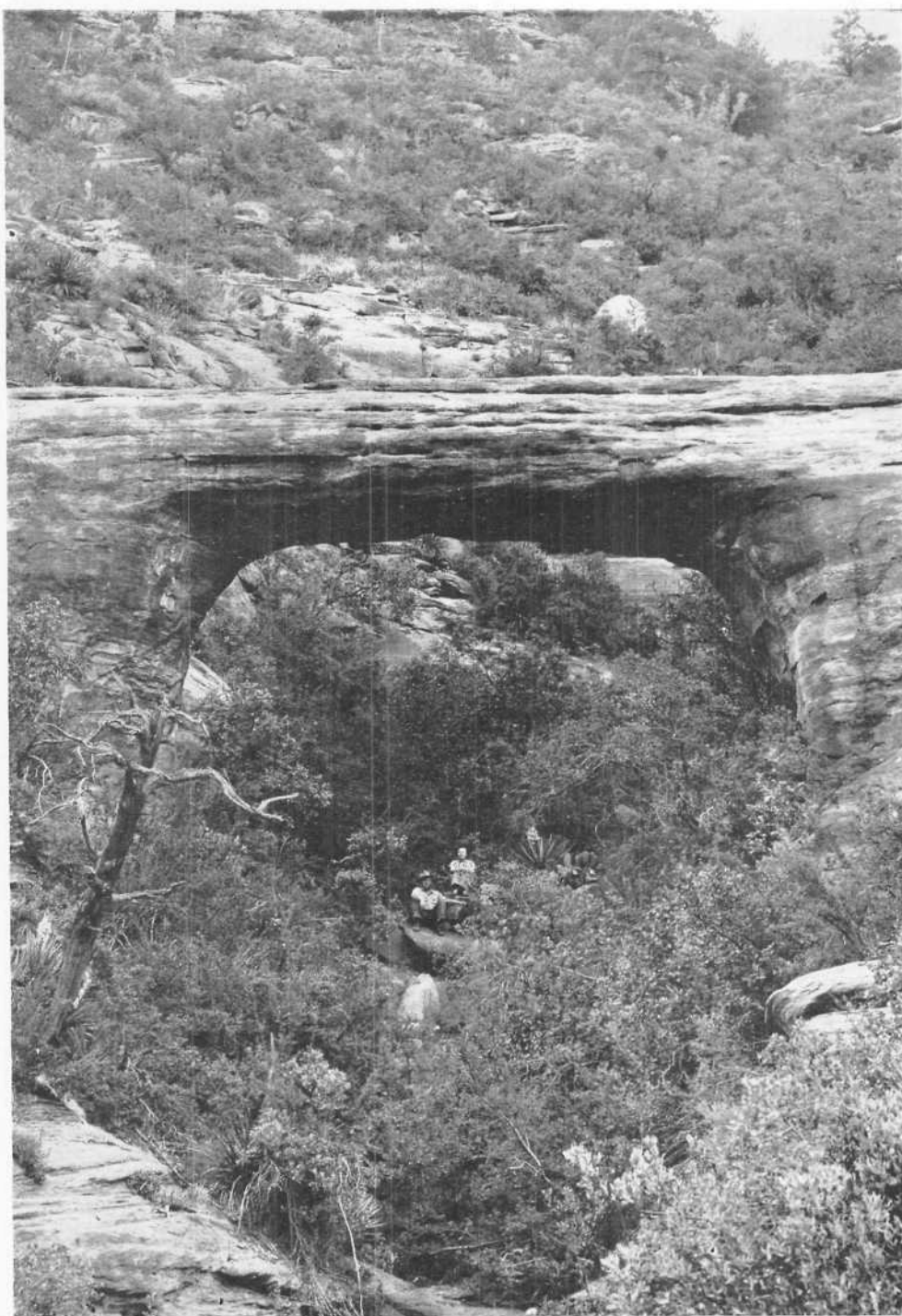


wilderness is a great variety of trees and shrubbery, many little known to the botanist. Like the Canyon of the Sycamore, this is a truly wilderness area, the home of deer, bear, mountain lion, bob cat, ring tail cats, coons, and some antelope. This area as yet little known to even the traveling public of Arizona, let alone the United States.

From Sedona it is but twenty-two miles through the Valley of Enchantment to Cottonwood, gateway to Oak Creek Canyon, Cottonwood is the geographical center of Arizona, in the heart of Yavapai County. This city with its eighteen hundred population is thirty-two hundred eighteen feet above sea level and boasts the best all-year climate in the U. S. Eight major and minor highways lead from Cottonwood in all directions making of easy access all the wonders of the valley. It has eighty business representatives including several tourist courts, hotels, restaurants, garages, filling stations, sporting goods stores, a mile of paved streets, two and one half miles of sidewalks, artesian water for city supply, churches, a \$40,000 Community building, theatre, civic, patriotic and fraternal organizations.

Its resources are mining, stock raising, agriculture, horticulture, dairying, guest ranches, tourist travel and best of all the area for support of tourist travel. Living expenses are reasonable. Highway 89 Alternate leads from Flagstaff fifty-one miles north on 66 through Cottonwood, Clarkdale, and Jerome, over the Black Hills to Prescott, forty miles on Highway 89 itself. This is a ninety-one mile highway that passes through the greatest scenic area in the world.

Camp Verde, the oldest town in the valley, with a population of six hundred, is nineteen miles south of Cottonwood. It is the scene of first military barracks in this section and some of the old adobe buildings still remain as interesting relics of that time of Indian warfare. Resources of Camp Verde are mining, cattle raising, agriculture, horticulture, and its close scenic attractions and equable all year around climate make it an important travel center. Five miles from Camp Verde is Montezuma Castle National Monument, best preserved Indian ruin in the U. S. Only five miles north of Camp Verde is Montezuma Well, an extinct geyser, half a mile across and one hundred fifty feet down to water, a crystalline pool fed by subter-



JACK NORTHROP
The Vulture Bridge in Oak Creek Canyon, an interesting scenic highlight in a great scenic area. This bridge was named after an official of the Vulture Aircraft Corporation who died in a plane crash here several years ago.



JACK NORTHROP
The Old Soldiers Home at Camp Verde, a reminder of the teeming history that has been enacted along the Verde River. Camp Verde, the oldest town in the valley, has a population of six hundred.

anean water below. This well was once a habitat of an ancient race of Indians whose disintegrated homes still may be seen both along the rim of the crater and in caves two hundred feet deep in its side. Water flows from this silent pool today. A prehistoric irrigation ditch a mile long is an interesting feature of this well. An enormous deposit of sodium sulphate a mile out of Camp Verde that was worked by the ancients is an attraction to the traveler and well worth going to see. Camp Verde is the gateway to Payson, Pine, Long Valley and the Box Canyon of the Verde, where nine-pound cat fish have been caught.

A city unique in the U. S. is Jerome, built, clinging vine fashion, on the slopes of the Black Hills. It was established in 1887 by

Verde Vignettes

History records that the Verde River has flowed along under several names. Onate, in 1604, called it the *San Antonio* and the *Sacramento*. It was also called *Rio Alamos* or the *Cottonwood River*, because of the trees along its banks. Velarde, in 1716 said it was called the *Verde*, because it ran among greenish slopes or rocks. The name *Verde*, which is Spanish for "green" was probably given to the river because of its greenish appearance.

* * *

"Camp Sandy" of Charles King's historical novel, "The Colonel's Daughter," was in reality Camp Verde. Captain King was once commander of the Fort, where the principal scenes of the novel were laid.

* * *

Bartlett Dam holds back the flood of the Verde river just before the Verde joins the Salt River in the Salt River Valley.

* * *

The smelter town of Clemenceau in the Verde Valley was originally called *Verde*. In 1920 it was renamed in honor of the great French statesman. Clemenceau evidently appreciated the honor, according to Will Barnes in *Arizona Place Names*, for in his will he left a vase to the town which he described as "designed by Chaplet in a light lilac color which will be found on the shelf above the mirror in my study. The vase will be placed in a suitable case in the high school of the town."

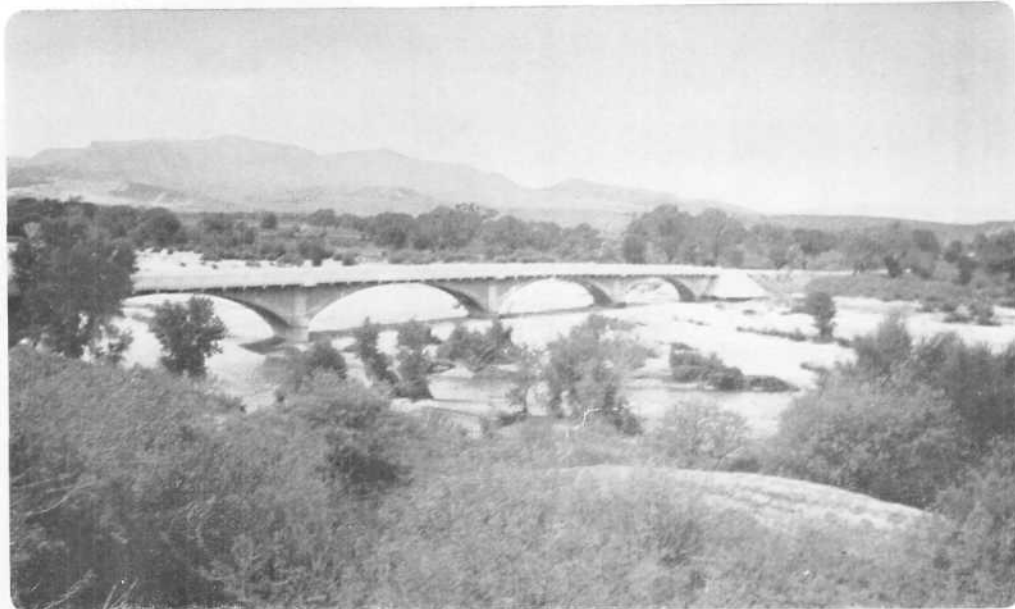
* * *

It is estimated by archaeologists that six hundred years ago the three prehistoric Indian villages near what is now the city of Clarkdale had a population of one thousand three hundred.

* * *

The word *Tuzigoot* of Tuzigoot Ruin National Monument is an Apache Indian word meaning "Crooked Water."

Yavapai Associates acknowledges appreciation to "Arizona Highways" the "Prescott Courier," Mr. Chas. B. G. Murphy and "Desert Magazine" for cooperation in this publication.



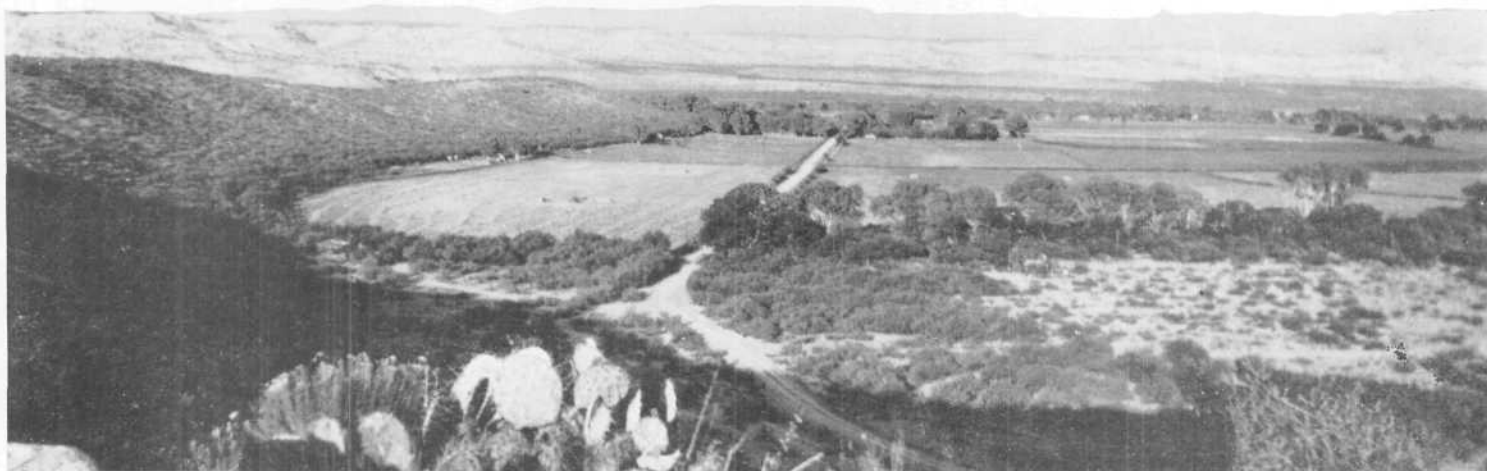
YAVAPAI ASSOCIATES

A view of the Verde showing the bridge near Camp Verde. This historic valley cuts through the very heart of Arizona. Three Indian civilizations have dwelt along the banks of this river and it has been the guide and landmark to western exploration since the days of the conquistadores.

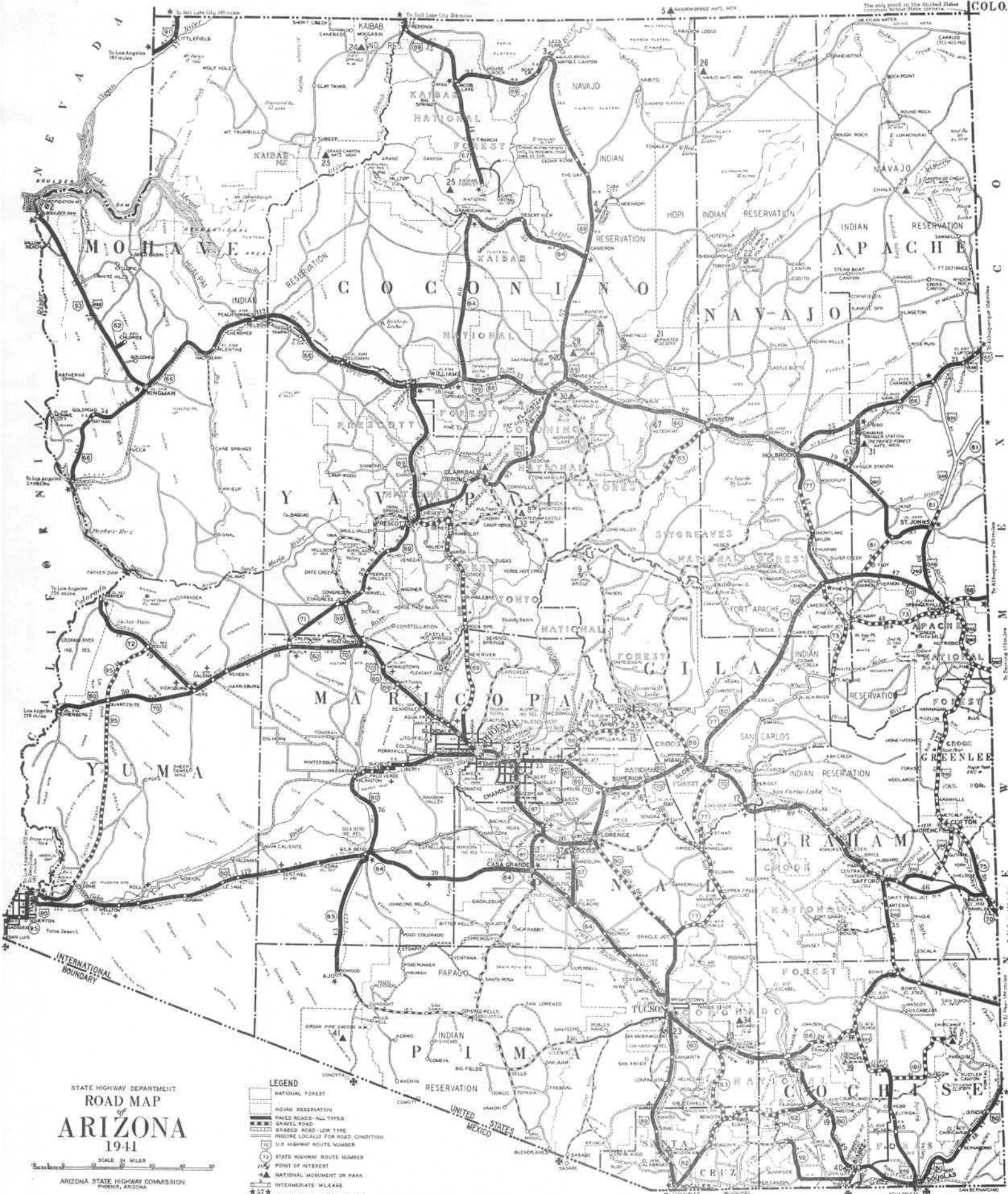


YAVAPAI ASSOCIATES

Above, a view of the busy Verde Valley Metropolis of Cottonwood, the center of a great cattle and dude ranching area and the heart of a scenic area too little known by travelers in Arizona. Below, another view of the Verde Valley showing some of the agricultural developments along the Rio Verde.



YAVAPAI ASSOCIATES



For the information of many hundreds of new readers who are receiving *Desert Magazine* this year, Marshal South and Tanya, his wife, closed their home in one of the California coastal cities 10 years ago, packed their belongings in an old car, and went out into an isolated sector of the desert to experiment in the art of primitive living. A little-used trail led them to the foot of Ghost mountain. There they left their car, climbed to the summit and amid the rocks and agave and junipers selected the site for their new home. It was many miles to the nearest water, they had no shelter except a tarpaulin. But there they have remained, and through the years have been able to collect enough rainwater to build a modest 'dobe cottage. Three children have been born since they went to Ghost mountain. There are more comforts now than in the early days. But except for an occasional trip to town for a few necessities for their children, they follow closely the pattern of life of the Indians who were roaming the desert when the white men came. Marshal South has been writing their experiences for *Desert Magazine* readers the past two years, and will continue with his monthly letter from Yaquitepec indefinitely.

Desert Refuge

By MARSHAL SOUTH

SO CHRISTMAS is over and another New Year is well launched upon its flight. We took down the tree today, stripping it of its finery and carrying it up beyond the garden terrace amidst the boulders to the little open air storage space to which all Yaquitepec Christmas trees proceed after their reign is over.

A melancholy business this, consigning a friend of gladness to oblivion. At one time, when he was younger, Rider invariably wept at this "burial" of the tree. Now, though he no longer sheds tears, he is always silent, as are all of us. We always put off the doleful task as long as possible. And this time, due to Rudyard's entreaties, we did not dismantle it until well after the New Year was established. The tree is a symbol. And as we lay it away we always recall "The Fir Tree"—Hans Andersen's charming little fairy story on the subject.

But it was a grand and memorable Christmas—and we are still picking up from the most unlikely places scraps and tatters of colored rubber, remnants of gay balloons. Rudyard is crazy about balloons. Which would be all right if he were not also possessed of a gift—amounting to positive genius—for bursting them. Always unintentionally. Santa never fails to bring him balloons. And always Christmas day, with its detonations, sounds as though Ghost mountain were the center of an air raid.

Yes, the youngsters had a wonderful Christmas. Especially Victoria. Last year she met the season with the mild tolerance of infancy; this time, with all the vigor of a most precocious young lady of 15 months, she welcomed it with hilarity. Victoria has lots of strength and vivacity. She fought stoutly all proffered offers of assistance and sailed into the job of unlimbering her well stuffed stocking with zest. Soon she was entirely hidden in a violently agitated mound of crumpled tissue paper and tie ribbons. Every once in a while, like a seal, she would come up for air; then, shrieking in excited joy, would disappear again beneath the litter. Shamelessly she stole all the



In their adobe home at Yaquitepec on Ghost mountain the Souths had a Christmas tree—a branch of juniper brought from a nearby mountain slope. There are no electric lights on Ghost mountain, but a generous supply of candles make up for the deficiency.

show. Rider and Rudyard, grubbing in hastily opened boxes and wrestling with the knots of packages, didn't get a look in. Which bothered Rider not at all. But Rudyard, still with memories of the time when he was the youngest, must have felt a bit jealous. For he observed loftily, between philosophic helpings to a box of candy, "You have jus' got to ex-cuse her, Mother. She is weally only a *very* little girl yet."

A grand holiday season. Not only did Santa leave a generous portion of his sleigh load to delight the hearts of our three little "desert Indians," but there were many other packages and cards. Gifts and cheery greeting cards from friends everywhere. A lot of these packages and cards, due to the hit or miss system of our widely spaced trips to the post office, did not arrive for Christmas day. But we got them before New Year. And the Yaquitepec observance of Christmas takes in the whole week anyhow, so it was just the same. It gives us a warm, crinkly feeling around the heart, these remembrances from folks whom we have never met. There will be many happy letters to write in answer. They will go out as fast as we can manage it. Till then, however, to all, these words are a partial, happy acknowledgment.

The weather today is beautiful; one could believe it was mid-

spring. On the window sill of the little one room house, set off by itself among the rocks, where I usually do my writing, a tiny lizard basks and cocks a watchful eye for flies. He is a writing-house pet. He has dwelt here a long time and has assumed a different coloring from the lizards that play on the outer rocks. My little friend lacks their flashing colors; his body is darker—almost black. A result of getting less sunlight I suppose, for he seldom goes outside. Also he is more stunted in build. A lively little lizard. Pert and active and very friendly. But these differences of size and coloring that mark him off from the general run of wild lizards are very noticeable. Here is another of Nature's sermons without words. Sunlight and freedom are life. Confinement and even a slight deprivation of light and air mean degeneration.

Not that my little "civilized" lizard isn't some lizard in his own eyes. He acts as though he were very proud of the education which he has doubtless absorbed from the many books over which he scrambles in mad pursuit of flies. Sometimes, with a prodigious leap he lands on the moving carriage of my typewriter and has to be carefully chased off to save him from being jammed in the mechanism. An industrious hunter. The amount of insects that one of these little fly lizards can consume is tremendous. The daring ones get away with bees—though how they avoid stings is something which I have never solved. I have seen them gulp and look a little surprised after the capture and swallowing of a big black bee. But a few moments later they are invariably back on the job again. Possibly a lizard is immune to bee stings.

A lot of rain drenched Ghost mountain this fall. Upon some of our new walls it was disastrous; they had not had time to acquire the toughness which comes with age and long drying. If one can protect the summits well it helps immeasurably. And even a good healthy coat of simple whitewash on the face of them is a weather resistant much more potent than it sounds. Summer is really the only time for adobe work. But, unfortunately, we generally have to be sparing in our use of water in the summer.

The scheme that works best for us is to run up a temporary wall of poles, plastered or covered with tar paper. Then, when the roof is on, at our leisure, we build the main mud wall against and behind the temporary one. This is easy, since most of our walls are built up by adding the adobe directly to the wall and not by using individual sun-dried bricks. At one time I had the haunting worry that a wall built in this fashion, indoors, so to speak, would be less strong than one raised in the open air. This doubt bothered me until just lately, when it became necessary to demolish a small section built in this wall, that had been standing for several years. After completing the downright toil required to remove this bit of rock-hard adobe I had no further fears on the subject.

To our notion walls built up of mud rather than by bricks have certain advantages. Not the least of these is that if one feels affluent enough to afford it (not a condition which many Yaquitepec walls have enjoyed) one can work a generous amount of barbed wire into the wall. This reinforcement laid back and forth along the wall every few courses, to be buried in the added mud, is a capital insurance against earthquake damage. And in any case it gives one a warranted sense of confidence in the wall's stability.

Bees are drifting lazily about among the ramarillo bushes, seeking chance remaining blossoms. And across the top of the rocks and junipers, faint splashings and much laughter serve to remind me that the Yaquitepec boating season is already in full swing. Oh, yes, to its other attractions Ghost mountain now adds canoeing. Thanks to the rains, the little cistern-to-be lake is brimming and our two ingenious young braves now spend much of their time voyaging on the romantic waters—using

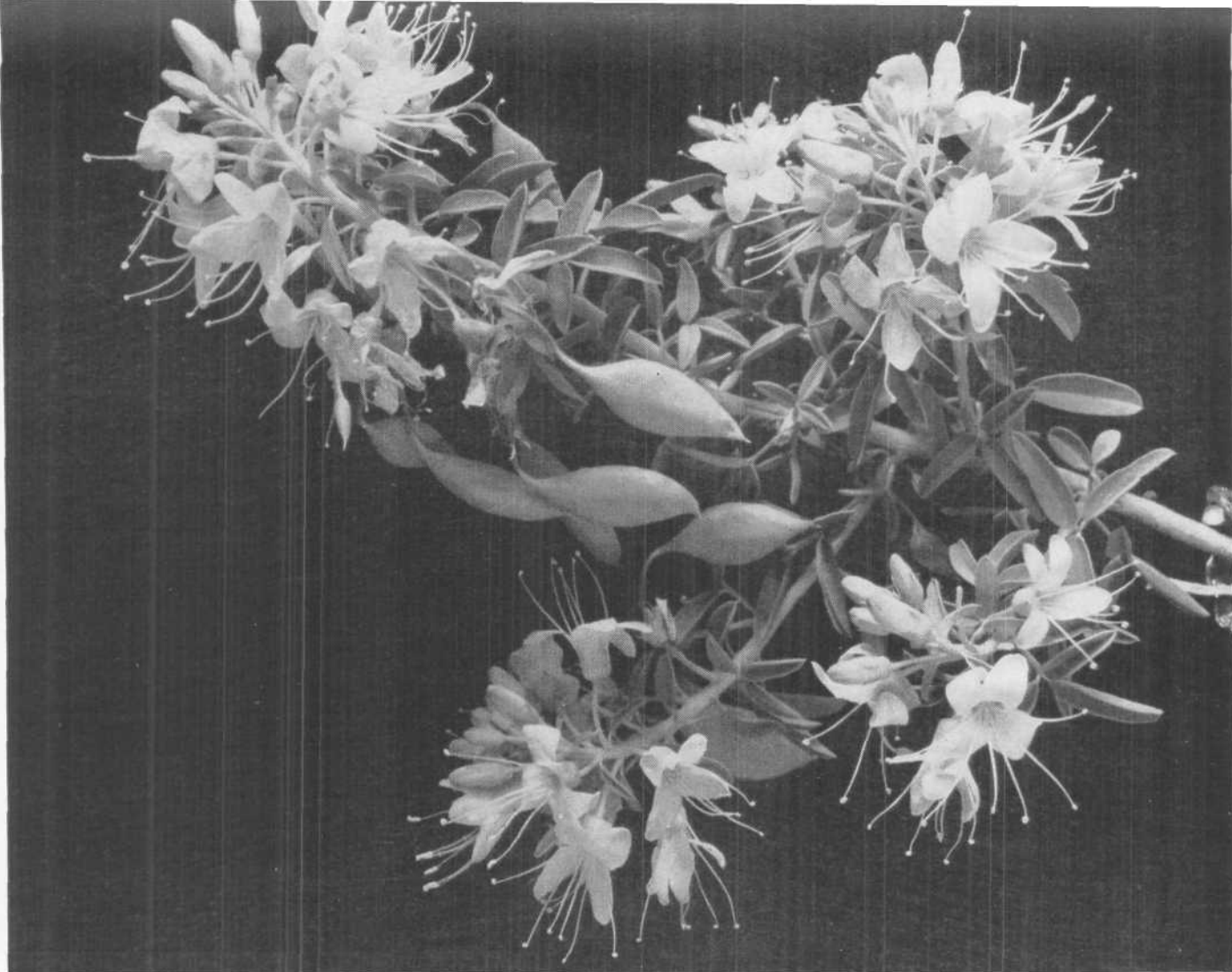
my cement mixing trough for a boat and wielding a toy shovel for a paddle. These canoe trips are a great success. But though much game, in the form of amazed chipmunks and startled squirrels can be observed on the shore, the voyagers report dolefully that there are, as yet, no fish in the lake. Well, that will come later. I recall now, with some misgivings, that long ago, I assured a too-curious acquaintance the reason we had selected Ghost mountain as our homesite was because it was an ideal spot for the raising of goldfish. Which proves that it is *never* safe to depart from the noble example set by George Washington. Dangerous! Setting out maliciously to mislead I may have uttered the sober truth.

We have had cause enough already to congratulate ourselves on the new fireplace. Even to date it has more than repaid the labor of its building by the good times it has provided during storms. And the amount of mescal butts it has consumed so far is amazing. Queer fuel, these straw-yellow, bristling, dry agaves. One has to be super-cautious in handling them. But long practice develops a sort of subconscious dexterity. We seldom get "stuck" these days, unless by down right carelessness or by unusual accident. Strange fuel! There is savagery in its flaming. The butts do not last long. A furious heat, then they die down. But in death they are weirdly beautiful. Fire roses—flowers of glowing ember, perfect in every leaf. Then slowly crumbling to grey ash.

We had one thing to do in connection with the fireplace building that we had not counted on. We had to build the chimney higher to get an increase in draught. Casting about for a quick way to do this we had the inspiration to use three empty five gallon honey cans. Tops and bottoms cut out, the can, fastened into a long flue, formed just the core we needed. With the outside loosely wrapped in some old chicken wire this improvised tin pipe, set upon the summit of our slender chimney, solved the extension problem to perfection. Now we are plastering the outside of the square tin core with cement—a job made easy by the chicken wire wrapping. Not yet has all the cement casing been put on. But it will be when the cement bin has been replenished. Which is the usual way with Yaquitepec improvements. Rarely is a job completed in one run. Usually there are several sessions, with long waits between. And a half dozen jobs that are running simultaneously. It is this, somehow, that gives life its spice.

And so in confidence—the confidence that one draws from the good earth and the stars and the healing strength of the desert silence—we take our course out along the new trail across Nineteen Hundred and Forty-two. What will the year bring? *Quien sabe!* Why should one speculate. It will bring what it will bring. And I am not of the melancholy frame of mind of so many of my old Mexican friends down on the border who, years ago, when mulling over the havoc and upheavals of politics and revolution which had forced them to flee from their beloved "patria" would declare dolefully: "*No hay garantias, señor. No hay garantias!*"

No, it is true that there are no guarantees. Less perhaps now than ever. But it is well to reflect also that perhaps there never have really been any "*garantias.*" Life is a stormy passage at the best. And of necessity it must be passed dangerously. Not all the perils that threaten it lie in war or in unleashed evil. Stagnation and greed and false values will wreck the body and spirit as surely as will violence. And, as for money or possessions, over which so many tremble, fearing the loss, these are less than a puff of dust on a desert trail. The thing that makes or mars a man or a nation is the thing that cannot be seen—the intangible *quality* of the Spirit that dwells within. That is the only thing that really matters.



Bladder Bush

The desert region has had more rainfall than normal during the fall and winter, and while other factors such as freezing temperatures or blistering winds may interfere, there is the promise of a colorful horizon when the wildflower season comes in February and March and April. In order that readers may extend their acquaintance with the flowering shrubs of the arid region, *Desert Magazine* this month resumes the series of stories written by Mary Beal about the more common botanical species.

By MARY BEAL

IN WIDELY scattered areas of the Mojave and Colorado deserts the traveler frequently is attracted by a greyish blue-green bush alive with clusters of bright yellow blossoms, quite unlike the members of the sunflower family everywhere in evidence. It is a woody, rounded shrub a few feet or more high.

If you stop for a closer acquaintance you'll find it to be one of the heavy-scented Caper family. Botanists have named it *Isomeris arborea* but it is commonly known as Bladder Bush, Bladder-pod or Burro Fat.

Some of its relatives are called Stinkweed and Skunkweed and our shrub could well be given such a nickname. Its herbage is truly as mal-odorous as the scent of a skunk. You wonder how the handsome golden flowers can spring so buoyantly from such an ill-smelling source.

Usually it is 2 to 4 feet high but sometimes in favorable spots it attains a height of 6 or 8 feet. It thrives best in shallow washes

and dry gullies, which catch the run-off of rain water from the hills and often produce an array of lusty six-footers. These washes make a delightful display of gay color whenever ample moisture inspires the Bladder Bush to put forth blossoms. It needs little encouragement, having the pleasing habit of bursting into bloom at any season of the year the rain gods see fit to send generous showers.

The new branches of the season are green but stiff, lightly veiled with a close covering of very fine white hairs. The smooth leathery leaves are palmately divided into 3 narrow, bristle-tipped leaflets an inch or more long, inclined to fold inward.

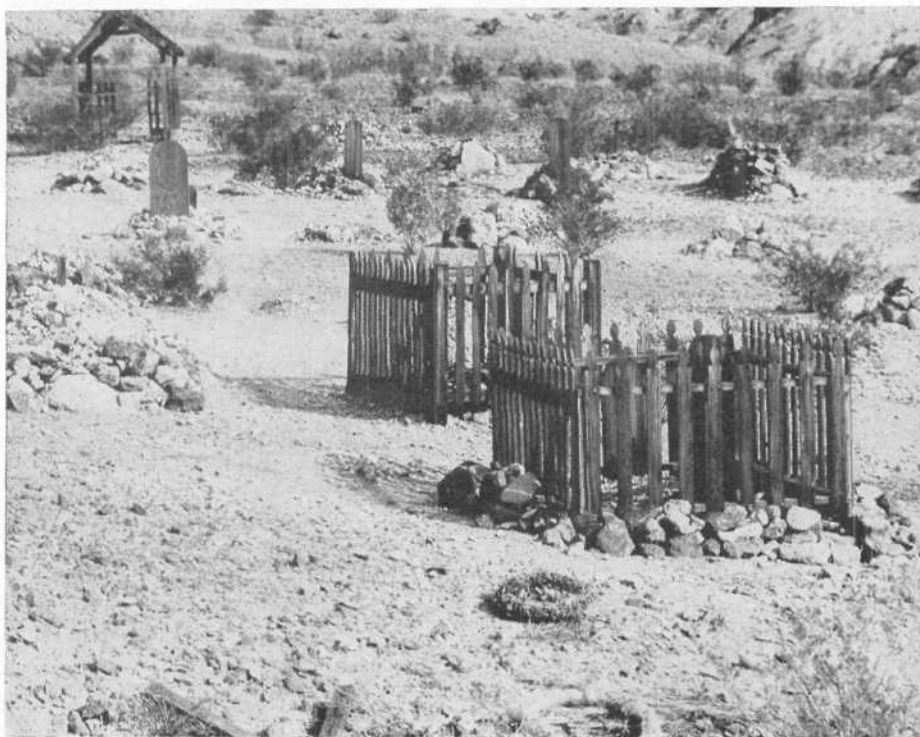
The showy flowers are nearly an inch across, growing in dense bracted racemes at the end of the branchlets. The broad calyx has 4 pointed lobes, the corolla 4 golden petals, and the 6 yellow stamens are long out-stretched. The ovary protrudes conspicuously, borne at the end of a long stalk, so that it is strikingly prominent even in the newly opened flower, forming a sizeable pod before the corolla withers, a leathery, ballooning pod resembling a very obese pea-pod, 1½ to 2½ inches long.

A hungry human might be attracted to the fruiting Bladder Bush as a source of nourishment but one nibble would be enough to turn thumbs down on the very bitter little peas in their edible-appearing fat pods. The offensive odor and taste of the good-looking foliage would be likewise repellent. Browsing burros are less sensitive and may indeed relish and wax fat upon the herbage and pods of the *Isomeris*, at least sufficiently to account for the common name Burro Fat.

Isomeris arborea has a variety, *globosa*, with pods almost spherical, which dips into the western Mojave desert from the coast ranges. Another variety, *angustata*, favors the Western Colorado desert, extending north through the Mojave desert to the Tehachapi mountains. Its pods are only slightly inflated, tapering at both ends.

CALICO CEMETERY

Winner of the December Landmark contest in Desert Magazine was John W. Garner of El Monte, California. He identified the accompanying picture as the cemetery at the old ghost mining town of Calico on the Mojave desert of California. Desert Magazine staff is grateful for the many fine entries in this contest and it is regretted that awards could not have been made to all of them.



By JOHN W. GARNER

THE Landmark picture in the December Desert Magazine is the graveyard at Calico, California, 12 miles east of Barstow and four miles from Highway 91.

In 1881, Charlie Meacham and his friends discovered horn silver in Calico mountains. A mushroom growth of mines soon developed—with romantic names as Bismarck, Waterloo, Red Jacket, Oriental, Occidental, Odessa, and Silver King. Silver ore was hauled overland by mule team, and later by steam tractor, to Oro Grande and Daggett to be milled.

Rich silver strikes at Calico turned it into a bustling town of three thousand residents. The town had a school, restaurants, hotels, saloons, general stores, later a railroad, and a newspaper aptly named "The Calico Print."

It could only have been Calico in which a dog worked for Uncle Sam! Dorsey, a black and white shepherd, actually carried the mail from the Bismarck mine to Calico postoffice.

The eastern part of Calico was Chinatown. Here lived 40 Chinese under the direction of their leader, Yung Hen. It was grand sport for many Calico toughs to raid Chinatown periodically and make life a hell for the Orientals. At long last, Yung

Hen organized his countrymen and awaited the next raid. When it came, 40 irate Chinamen armed with laundry paddles and hot irons chased the bullies back and were never bothered again.

The Calico graveyard is a quarter mile southwest from the site of old Calico Town. The old headboards on the graves are badly weathered and the picket fences around some of the graves are becoming extremely rickety. The picture in Desert even shows the grave which has a shingle roof built over it. The names carved on the headboards can only be deciphered by careful lighting or by photography. This person has had the opportunity of taking several pictures in this graveyard. The inscriptions show that many of those buried at Calico were children, victims of an epidemic which once visited the camp.

One headboard testifies that Aggie Bass died May, 1884, when 11 years old; Philip Norton died when he was 26; another "departed this life" when 23; A. L. Roland's grave headboard has been mutilated so that it is impossible to discover his age; John Gallagher's grave is different in that it has a cross instead of the usual rounded headboard.

The cemetery actually was used first in 1869, 12 years before the first silver strike

was made. Most recent burial there was Robert Greer one of the old timers of Calico camp.

Calico became a ghost town about the turn of the century. The high grade pinched out and the price of silver dropped from \$1.31 to 63 cents. Miners and businessmen moved to better pickings. Calico homes and buildings were moved to Barstow and Yermo. Only mud and adobe buildings remained, battered to ruins by time and the elements. Two disastrous fires swept Calico during its heyday.

At Calico today you will meet Mr. and Mrs. Larry Coke and their daughter. Larry works the mines when he is not engaged in showing visitors through the old tunnels. Mrs. Coke has fitted out the old Wells Fargo office as a most interesting desert museum. These fine people extend a hospitable welcome to visitors.

• • •

HOMESTEADERS WHO ENLIST . . .

Explaining the protection given by the government to homesteaders who enter the armed services, the U. S. land office has issued Circular No. 1481 setting forth in detail the provisions for those who wish to enlist before obtaining patents to their lands. The circular may be obtained by writing the land office at Washington.



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Relaxation, and respite from worldly worries, is the promise this colorful, captivating country makes to those who would escape from winter doldrums. In a hundred different ways, each warm glorious day is an adventure in this famous Valley of the Sun...following your favorite summer-time sport...lounging in a palm-shaded patio...feasting your eyes on a desert and mountain fairyland. Give in to your winter wanderlust! Come claim your share of sun and fun!

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Rock Cairn on the Desert

Who can identify this monument?



LANDMARK CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

In one of the most forbidding yet interesting areas on the Colorado desert in Southern California the above rock monument has been erected to commemorate an event well known to all students of Southwestern history.

It is not an old landmark, having been placed here within the last two years. However, it is the beginning of what its sponsors hope to make an important shrine for future desert travelers.

Not many Desert Magazine readers have visited this place since the monument was dedicated, but many will come here in the future. In order that the shrine and the events it symbolizes may be better known, Desert Magazine will pay a cash award of \$5.00 to the reader who sends in the best descriptive story of not over 500 words. The manuscript should give location, name, accessibility by road, and as much of the historical background as can be included within the word limit.

Entries must reach the Desert Magazine office by February 20, and the winning story will be published in our April number. Any reader of Desert Magazine is eligible to compete in this contest.

...

NEVILLS PLANS RIVER TRIP...

Norman Nevills, veteran Colorado river boatman, is now organizing an expedition to start from Lees Ferry July 15 and go through Marble and Grand canyons to Boulder dam, reaching that destination August 3. Nevills' home is at Mexican Hat, Utah.

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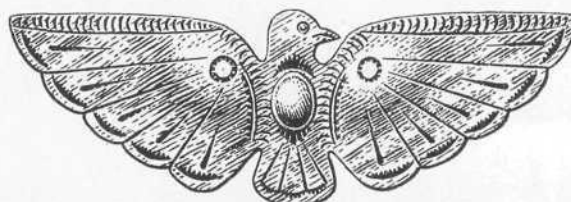
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AUDUBON SOCIETY PLANS SALTON SEA FIELD TRIPS

Beginning March 7 and continuing through April 21 the National Audubon society will conduct its annual field trips in the Palm Springs and Salton sea areas. These trips are open to all bird enthusiasts whether members of the society or not.

Bert Harwell, California representative of the Audubon organization, is to be in personal charge of the two-day excursions which are to be conducted twice weekly, one trip being Saturday and Sunday and the other Monday and Tuesday.

Each trip is limited to six persons, and a station wagon is to be provided by the

sponsors for the trippers. The \$10 fee includes transportation but not meals or lodging.

On previous trips in the Salton sea area as many as 110 species of birds have been identified in the two-day period. On one occasion the group saw the rare nuptial dance of the sandhill cranes. The excursions are to include a visit to the game refuge in northern Imperial Valley where the unique three-storied nesting colonies of Treganza heron, black Farallon cormorants and American egrets are to be found.

Reservations and information may be obtained by writing C. A. Harwell, National Audubon society, 114 Sansome street, San Francisco.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"I been readin' a book!" announced Hard Rock Shorty. "An' while I ain't sayin' all books is full o' things yuh can't rightly believe, it does seem like I get ahold o' more'n my share o' the screwball ones."

Hard Rock shook his head disconsolately over the people who wrote books without consulting him to get their facts straight first.

"Now this last one was tellin' how figgers o' speech, as he called 'em got started bein' used an' I was lookin' at 'Stone Blind.' 'Can't see no more'n a stone,' sez the book. 'Phooey,' sez me. It's not that at all. Happens I know just how that started an' the book's a million miles off.

"Here about 30 years ago we had a guy move up in the Panamints from Arkansaw an' he brung along a couple dozen razor back hawks. Skinniest things you ever seen with heads as big as wash tubs. Durn good rooters though—they picked up a livin' where I'd o' thought a goat'd starve to death. That is, they did exceptin' along in the late summer when feed's kind o' scarce even up there in the Panamints.

"About July them pigs'd get so skinny they had trouble navigatin'. Their heads was so big an' heavy, an' their hind legs was so skinny that they wasn't enough weight in the tail end to balance the head end. An' when the pig tried to lift 'is head his hind legs come up instead. The pigs'd walk around pushin' their heads on the ground an' plowin' up a little furrer with their noses. 'Bout that time this feller'd go out an' track down the pigs an' tie a stone on each one's tail to hold that end of 'im down.

"Then when the rains come an' feed was good he'd catch 'em again an' take the stones off. But once or twicet he missed one an' after the feed got good an' the pig fatted up a bit his skin'd sort o' loosen up too. An' that stone give just enough pull so it pulled the skin up over the pigs eyes an' he couldn't see no more'n if he had blinders on."



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HERE AND THERE

... on the Desert

ARIZONA

To a Fisherman's Paradise . . .

AJO—Construction on the American half of a projected paved highway from here to Rocky Point on the Gulf of California is scheduled to begin soon according to word received from Senator Carl Hayden's secretary. This road, when completed, will provide ready access to the fisherman's mecca on the gulf.

Editor Moves to Holbrook . . .

SNOWFLAKE — Financially unable to continue operating because of adverse economic conditions, the Snowflake Herald published its last edition here on December 12, announcing that henceforth it would be published at Holbrook. For the present the masthead will remain the same, and the paper, in its final editorial, stated, "It is our hope that we shall be able to render a better service to our friends in this district."

Ready to Go on the Warpath . . .

HOLBROOK — Hopi Indians, perhaps oldest inhabitants of the United States, are ready for war. Byron P. Adams, tribal council chairman, recently told his people, "We must be ready . . . if necessary, and sit down to our meals with . . . bows and arrows in our hands, ready to stand at attention when the command is given by the President of the United States."

"I Am An American" . . .

WINDOW ROCK—Hosteen Bahe, Navajo, appreciates his "Great White Father," and is standing behind him in his time of need. Told by a neighbor that there was a war, and that the government needed money to fight, Hosteen bundled up his family and came here to see E. R. Fryer, Navajo superintendent. After exchanging a few words with Fryer through an interpreter, Hosteen stepped aside and his wife took an old cigar box from a sack she carried and handed it to the superintendent. He counted out \$350 in silver, gave her defense bonds for the amount, and the Bahe family left in dignity.

Indians Retain Lands . . .

KINGMAN—Circuit court decision that Hualpai Indians have no right of occupancy on land in Mohave and Coconino counties was modified by U. S. supreme court early in December. Adjustment provides that the lower court decision will stand in regard to lands outside the reservation, but that lands within the reserve boundaries will remain the Indians'.

Cotton Picking Champion . . .

CASA GRANDE—Sixty-four pounds of cotton in one hour was the record established by Manuel C. Pena in winning the annual state cotton-picking contest held here December 1.

KINGMAN—Eastbound travel on Highway 66 continued to break records during the month of November, and when December figures are in an increase of nearly 25 percent for 1941 over 1940 is expected.

GANADO — Pending further investigation by NLRB, Navajo Indians engaged in home work making rugs, jewelry are exempted from the wage and hour law.

YUMA—Warning to all boat-owners to keep their craft off the Colorado river unless permitted by military authorities was issued by Sheriff T. H. Newman December 12.

COOLIDGE—Gila river has poured a record of 753,670 acre-feet of water into San Carlos reservoir behind Coolidge dam, with a capacity storage of 1,285,000 acre-feet expected next spring.

YUMA — Desert-grown bananas raised here by Mrs. G. B. Lozar were exhibited in the local chamber of commerce window during December.

CALIFORNIA

Wild Sheep for Museum . . .

INDEPENDENCE — Carl Walters and Earl Hurlbut followed a band of wild mountain sheep into the Inyo mountains back of the Reward mine and shot one for the Los Angeles museum at Exposition park. Three other sheep have been killed in other parts of the state for the museum.

Big Steam Shovel Mystery . . .

BARSTOW—This desert is a mighty big place. It has to be! Where else could a 40-ton steam shovel get completely lost? Officials of Basic Magnesium, Incorporated, of Las Vegas were mystified by a phone call from Los Angeles asking them if they had seen a 40-ton steam shovel which was to be delivered to them. They hadn't, and the transportation company in charge of the moving couldn't locate it. A scout was sent out, and returned empty-handed. It had just disappeared. Eventually it was discovered that the driver had been forced to go around by way of Bishop because the underpass between here and Victorville wasn't high enough to get the thing through. Quoting the driver, "I wish I could have lost the thing!"

Palm Springs Museum Open . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Chief attraction of the recently-opened Desert Museum here is the display of zoological specimens representing animal life on the Colorado and Mojave deserts. Also commanding wide attention from visitors are three large ollas found in nearby canyons. Added feature to the museum this year is a series of lectures to be given by authorities in various fields of desert lore.

Future Bright for Desert . . .

BARSTOW—Printer-Review, local newspaper, believes that war-born fears among coast residents will work to the benefit of desert communities. The peace and safety of the wide-open spaces of this country provides the logical mecca for families living adjacent to the Pacific.

More Flowers for the Desert . . .

MOJAVE—Heartening is news of a plan being fostered by the Mojave Exchange club to transplant the beauty of the surrounding desert into town by planting desert flowers in vacant lots in and around the town. Appreciation of beauty survives wars and the elements.

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Rare Birds Appear . . .

BRAWLEY—Warnings were issued to hunters to be particularly careful not to shoot rare whistling geese which made their appearance in the Imperial Valley just a few days before the end of the hunting season. These geese, fully protected by game laws, often mingle with snow geese, though they can not be mistaken if observed closely. Each year these rare birds make their appearance in the area around the Salton sea.

Veteran Publisher Retires . . .

BISHOP—Pioneer and historian of this area, W. A. Chalfant has announced the sale of the Inyo Register which he has published and edited for 56 years. Started by

his father in 1885, the Register has been in the Chalfant family ever since. Purchasers, Roy L. French, director of journalism at University of Southern California, and George W. Savage, who together own the Inyo Independent and Owens Valley Progress Bulletin, announced that the 3 papers will hereafter be published under the name of Chalfant Press. Thus will the Register continue to be a symbol of the name of Chalfant.

War Stops Canal Work . . .

INDIO—Wartime defense needs have indefinitely postponed completion of the Coachella branch of the All-American canal. Funds have already been earmarked for this

purpose, but will probably be diverted to more essential and pressing defense needs.

CALIPATRIA—Guayule rubber, an ersatz product, may be grown in the Imperial Valley because of the serious shortage of raw rubber usually imported. This plant has been grown in Salinas valley for 15 years.

BRAWLEY—Leo Rosser, state game warden, has been advised that the Colorado river has been closed to fishing from a point north of Imperial dam to the Mexican border.

BARSTOW — Stratosphere balloon sent up by the California institute of technology to gather data for climatology was found near here by Maurice McCarren.

PARKER DAM—Along with Boulder dam, this dam has been closed to the public since the Hawaii-Philippine bombing.

NEVADA

Ketchum Many Rabbits . . .

FALLON—Local Indians invited tribesmen from Shurz to take part in the annual rabbit drive which highlights the social season of the red-men. On the drive, a line of men one to one and a half miles long, all carrying shot-guns, start out on the reservation to scare up and drive rabbits against a water-filled irrigation ditch. When the animals are cornered, the hunters cut loose with their guns, and take the spoils home for dinner.

Dam Closed; Lake Open . . .

BOULDER DAM—While this great dam and its accompanying power plant are closed to visitors indefinitely, boat excursions up Lake Mead above Black Canyon will be permitted. This means that the recreational area will stay open, and operation of Grand Canyon Tours will continue. Cars are forbidden to cross the top of the dam except in convoy and under heavy armed guard. This has been in effect since the bombing of Hawaii and the Philippines, and is purely a precautionary measure, announced John C. Page, commissioner of the bureau of reclamation.

Like the Old Days . . .

CARSON CITY—Reminiscent of gold and silver boom years during the last half of the 19th century is the land rush that is taking place in the state, according to Wayne McLeod, state surveyor general. More claims have been filed in the past year than for the preceding 25 or 30 years, states McLeod. New industries coming into the state and premium prices on various ores which Nevada is rich in are probable reasons for the land boom.

Rain Sets New Records . . .

WINNEMUCCA — Late December storms in northern Nevada boosted precipitation figures to record-breaking peaks. A total of 13.08 inches was recorded up to the 30th of December, and additional rain and snow was expected to increase that figure. In 1884 the last highest recorded amount of precipitation shows 18.38 inches. Average for this area is 8.57.

Popular Secretary Resigns . . .

LAS VEGAS—Robert B. Griffith, secretary of the local chamber of commerce for the past year and a half, and president the year preceding that, handed in his resignation to the board of directors, asking that he be relieved of duties not later than February 15, 1942. Freedom to take care of his own private business enterprises was given by Griffith as reason for resigning.

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VISTA DEL CHINO—Tel. 5835. Moderate rates. Adults preferred. 1-2-3 room apartments. Private screened porches. Sundeck. 1535 N. Indian Ave. Louise Klug.

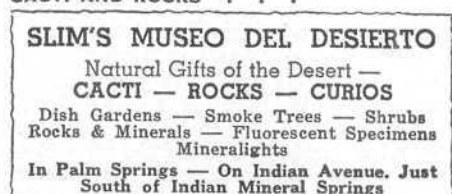
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LA SERENA COTTAGES and HOTEL ROOMS. Unit heat. For reservations write, telephone 6040, or consult any travel agency.

LA HACIENDA APARTMENTS — Singles, Doubles and overnight accommodations. \$22.50 to \$35.00 a week for 2. 3 blocks from center of village.

CACTI AND ROCKS . . .



NEW MEXICO

Good-Neighbor Policy . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Invitation to cooperate in the formation of an Inter-American demonstration center in this region was received by the School of Inter-American Affairs of University of New Mexico from John W. Studebaker, United States commissioner of education. From 12 to 20 of these centers will be formed throughout the United States, with the purpose of achieving a better understanding and appreciation of the other Americas.

Chief Retires from Business . . .

GALLUP—Chee Dodge, political and economic leader of the Navajos, is retiring from the stock business, in which he amassed a fortune estimated at \$250,000 before the depression. Recently he bought \$20,000 in defense bonds, urging his fellow tribesmen to follow his example and buy bonds "as generously as possible."

It's Not Just Ornamental . . .

TAOS—Commercialization of New Mexican chile-farming is being advocated by R. P. Callaway of New Mexico A. & M. college, who states that local grown chile meets neither of the prime requirements of chile processors. These are a darker colored pepper than is grown here, and a meatier and milder variety. Chief source of peppers for commercial processors at present time is Mexico and California.

Their Bucks Are Now Private . . .

ZUNI—Prayers for the success and safety of a dozen tribal braves who have gone off to join Uncle Sam's forces were an important part of the Zuni festival which annually marks the paying of homage to venerated couriers of the rain-gods—the Zuni Shalakos. The solemn rituals alternate with feasting and fun for 24 hours, rivalling the Gallup ceremonials and Hopi dances in attraction for white men.

ALBUQUERQUE—Like most old-timers who once knew Billy the Kid, Celedon Martinez clung to the belief that Billy was not a bad man at heart. Celedon, who died here in December, was a rancher at La Junta while Billy was operating near there.

UTAH

Government Seeks Help . . .

OGDEN—Fifty percent of the area of the state is public domain lands, according to figures from the grazing service of the department of interior. Approximately 2,000,000 sheep and 190,000 cattle forage on this land for six months of the year. Due to railroad grants, homesteading, and state grants the pattern of this domain has become very irregular, making administration difficult. Consequently, grazing service officials are seeking help from various ranch organizations to facilitate administration of leases and exchanges.

River Association Urged . . .

VERNAL—Expressing determination to get a share of the \$125,000 allotted the state from Boulder dam revenues for Duchesne and Uintah counties, Don B. Bolton of Salt Lake City and Perry Jenkins of Cora, Wyoming met with county officials to organize an association for development of Green river basin. Mr. Jenkins stated that if the counties got together and formed such an organization then undoubtedly the state would appropriate some of the money for development of reservoirs which the two counties need.

State Names Hunters . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Twenty-six state hunters and trappers have been appointed to eradicate predatory animals in the 29 counties of the state during 1942. Salaries range from \$110 to \$125, most of which comes from revenues derived from sale of pelts of animals killed. Last year 16,157 predators, 95 percent coyotes and the balance wildcats, mountain lions, and brown bears, were killed.

The Last Round-Up . . .

VERNAL—Preparatory to retiring from the ranching business he has followed for 31 years, N. A. "Jick" Taylor of the Hill Creek range country south of here, marketed 700 cattle, setting a record for the largest round-up ever held in Uintah county. At

one time Taylor had 1200 head, but had to cut down the size of his herd to conform to the Taylor grazing act.

Home of a Pioneer . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—"This cabin stands as a symbol of persecution, heartache and trials endured by the (Utah) pioneers . . ." With these words Bishop Richards of the Mormon church dedicated a bronze plaque bolted to a log cabin which was one of the first built in the area now known as Utah. The cabin now stands on the Latter Day Saints temple block, an historic tourist attraction.

SALT LAKE CITY—State unemployment records show a decrease of 4500 workers receiving insurance since July, 1941.

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BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

HE FOUGHT APACHES—AND LIVED TO WRITE ABOUT IT

Thomas Cruse fought Apaches in Arizona and Spaniards and Filipinos in the Philippine islands, and finally retired in January, 1918, with the grade of brigadier general after 40 years of active service in the United States army.

His book of memoirs, recently off the press of the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, tells the story of the Apache campaigns from the viewpoint of a practical militarist. Title of the book is **APACHE DAYS AND AFTER**.

Graduated from West Point when he was 18, Lieutenant Cruse was immediately as-

signed to duty in Arizona. He remained there until after the surrender of Geronimo and was awarded the Medal of Honor for extreme gallantry in action. His story not only gives interesting details of the long Indian campaign, but includes intimate glimpses of many of the army officers who played leading roles in the Apache war.

General Cruse writes as a soldier. His style is simple and direct and without dramatization. It gives the impression of being authentic both as to fact and conclusion.

Introduction is written by Eugene Cunningham, who edited the manuscript. The book contains many halftone illustrations of Apache leaders who eventually surrendered or were slain. 328 pages and bibliography. \$3.50.

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WHEN GOLD BROUGHT NEW RAILROADS TO THE WEST

"Locomotives, like people, have varied personalities. A pair may come from the builder as alike as twins, only to have one prove a 'Jonah'—always fighting leaky flues or sliding off the iron—while the other plods along faithfully and dependably."

Author of the above passage saw more in a noisy steam engine than merely a mass of ingeniously-moulded iron equipped with wheels. He had a "feel" for engines, and looked upon them as personalities. This man, Gilbert H. Kneiss, has put this "feel" into a book about the little-heralded railroads that pioneered the gold-fields of the West.

BONANZA RAILROADS is more than just an accounting of the history of these railroads. The men who sweated and swore and prayed for these enterprises, along with those who swore just as vehemently against them, are portrayed as they lived and died in the early days of the development of the West.

Five separate stories are included in Bonanza Railroads—dramatized accounts of the birth, life and death of five scarce-remembered railroads that once served the gold fields of California and Nevada, and today stand as monuments to the courage and stamina of their builders.

Reminiscent of recent days is an incident which occurred on the old Eureka and Nevada line of Nevada in 1922. The road was just barely scraping through financially, and a big payroll was to be met soon. The E & N had a mail contract with the government to be paid quarterly, but due to red tape the check had not arrived on time.

Managing the line at this time was a tough two-fisted giant of a man, John Sexton, who decided upon a bold stroke. Newspapers of the day were filled with the strained relations between the U. S. and Japan, caused to a large extent by California's Anti-Alien Land law. Sexton proceeded to paint one of his passenger cars vivid yellow, lettered from front to back in bright red, "THIS CAR FOR DOGS AND JAPS."

Several days later a governmental representative called on him, and demanded that the car be removed or repainted. Sexton replied that he might be open to suggestion if he were to receive his quarterly mail payment. A few days later the check arrived, and the car disappeared from the rails. Thus did one of the old railroad men benefit from the government's appeasement policy in 1922.

Published by Stanford University Press in 1941. 148 pages including index, appendix and bibliography. \$3.00.

—Rand Henderson

THERE'S A LAUGH IN EVERY DESERT THORN

"Fortunately for you, we ain't educated enough to regale you with the scientific classifications of desert plants," writes Reg Manning in his latest cartoon book, **WHAT KINDA CACTUS IZZAT?** "We can introduce you to the outstanding citizens of the desert—and describe 'em so you will recognize a cactus when you run into one (if you are interested at the time) but we are not contracting to give you a post graduate course in Latin. If it's an education you're after, why didn't you study while you were in school."

For the last three years the Phoenix cartoonist has been teaching the geography of the Southwest to hundreds of thousands of readers of his cartoon guides. And now he has branched out into the field of desert botany.

It is amazing how the various members of the cactus clan lend themselves to caricature at the hands of a clever cartoonist. But while he is ridiculing the thorny shrubs in comic sketches and sharp-witted blurbs, he is also imparting an elementary knowledge that will be an invaluable aid to the novice in identifying not only the more common species of cacti but many other thorny plants of the desert.

"The U. S.-Mexican border is one region which should never have to worry about an invasion from parachutists," says Reg. "To land most anywhere in the 250-mile-wide strip adjacent to the border, from Texas to California, a parachute trooper would have to be equipped with puncture-proof pants. Upon landing the only pincher movement that he'd be capable of would be jerking stickers out of his throbbing anatomy. . . . No, the Mexican borderland is definitely not the strategic spot for air penetration. Any penetrating that's done in the cactus country will be taken over by the 'silent home guard.'"

This is a book that every desert visitor will prize—it is full of humor at a time when the world needs humor, and it has a fine fund of information for those who wish seriously to learn more about their desert shrubs.

Published by J. J. Augustin, New York. 107 pages, table of contents. \$1.25.

—R.H.

MINISTER HAS FOUND INSPIRATION IN DESERT

"When I came to Arizona some eight years ago from a strike-torn, depression-ill, and frantically melancholic urban locale of the Middle West," writes Charles Franklin Parker, "I little knew the release and newness of life which was in waiting for me here (in Prescott, Arizona). In the vast spaces of mystery and grandeur where men had not yet destroyed the virgin beauty of God's marvelous creative handiwork, I found, as others have found, surcease from the pangs of gnawing, mortal strife and struggle, and stepped through portals opening unto me vistas of eternity, infinity, contentment, majesty, courage, peace and hope."

And it is with the thought of showing others the way to share these things that Mr. Parker, pastor of the First Congregational church at Prescott, has published **PEACE UNTO YOU**, a Book for Personal Devotionals.

It is a beautifully conceived book built around a series of outstanding photographs supplied by Barry Goldwater, Max Kegley, Esther Henderson, W. M. Tillery and other outstanding photographers of the Southwest. The "devotional" accompanying each photograph includes a quotation from the Bible, an appropriate poem, a sermonette of not over three paragraphs and a prayer.

Printed by the Republic and Gazette of Phoenix, it is an exquisite book, in text, illustration and printing art. The author has found an inspirational lesson for human beings in every aspect and scenic creation in the desert region, and has presented them most delightfully.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS AT WORK IN THE DESERT REGION

The complete autobiography of man is still one of the lost stories of the world. Its pages are scattered—some to the four winds, it is true, but many lie buried, waiting only to be unearthed and interpreted by those who literally go digging into the vast stretches of time, even beyond history itself.

Ann Axtell Morris is a meticulous but light hearted archaeologist whose greatest ambition is to uncover the lost pages of America's past and solve as much as possible of the enormous cryptogram made up of prehistoric buildings of carved stone, rudely dug caves, ancient blankets, bits of pottery and other reminders of a civilization that was old long before Columbus "discovered" America. In *DIGGING IN THE SOUTHWEST*, she tells of her experiences in trying to assemble in proper sequence the cultures in America's pre-Columbian history.

The Southwest, Mrs. Morris found, was a treasure-trove of hidden mysteries, the strange stories of the eight cultures, the three Basket Maker periods and the five Pueblo periods. Personally, the Morriszes staked out Del Muerto for their own but the discoveries at Pueblo Bonito in Chaco canyon, Mummy cave, Antelope cave, Mesa Verde and the Aztec ruins all had

their place in the search for the lost story. Many interesting objects were found, but their importance was in the fact that these bits of an ancient civilization had their place in the over-all-pattern—each was a link between the present and the past.

Mrs. Morris tells a vital, exciting story of adventure with a purpose. She describes it as "a rescue expedition," an effort "to turn pre-history into history, to clear up those vast stretches of American time, and to map those great areas of American space which stretch blankly backward before the advent of Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers." While doing so she reminds her readers that the unclaimed spots are diminishing, even as do veins of ore. The values are being recovered, and the time is nearing when the mystery will be solved and the problem will then fall to the historians.

To read this chronicle is to gain a new appreciation and a new understanding of Today. Informal yet informational, it leaves one with a haunting desire to know more about the Southwestern Trails, the trails that man has followed through perhaps 10,000 years of human history.

Doubleday, Doran Co., New York. 1933-1940. 301 pp. 32 photographic illustrations. \$2.50.

—Marie Lomas


HE FINDS AN IRRESISTIBLE CHALLENGE IN THE DESERT

Combining a fine scientific knowledge with a great love for the outdoors, E. C. Alford, pastor of the Methodist church at Dayton, Oregon, has written a beautiful little book of travel and philosophy under the title *DESERTS*.

He writes of Grand Canyon and Yellowstone and Carlsbad and a score of other scenic areas in western America—but his is not a guide book for tourists. Rather, it is an inspirational book—a series of magnificent sermons on the inherent beauty and goodness and justice of Divine law as exemplified in these works of Nature.

Explaining his selection of the title *DESERTS* for his book, the author says: "Away from the crowded streets, beyond the margin of the field; the lure of the bewitching, tantalizing call is irresistible; a call from its very vastness that challenges, from its very quietness that soothes; where one may orient himself with the Divine, where he may synchronize his spirit with the Infinite."

It is an art-bound book of 52 pages with a photograph of Zion park in color as a frontispiece.



PALM SPRINGS

Life

AT ITS BEST

For Good Health this is the way we play

There's no finer place to enjoy desert life than the Desert Inn—a 35-acre garden estate in the midst of scenic splendors. So carefree and informal, yet one of America's most luxurious hotels. Enjoy your own private bungalow; swimming pool, tennis courts; all-grass golf course adjoining grounds. Delicious food.

33 years under original ownership and management of Nellie N. Coffman, Earl Coffman and George Roberson.



**THE
DESERT
INN**

PALM SPRINGS, California
THREE HOURS FROM LOS ANGELES



INSCRIPTION CANYON TRIP RICH IN HISTORY . . .

Along the walls of a little canyon, just a few miles from Barstow, is one of the finest known assemblies of petroglyphs, done by desert dwellers—probably of Shoshonean ancestry. The site of so many hundreds of hieroglyphics whets one's imagination . . . why not make this trip to Inscription Canyon soon?

Free Travelogues

A note to the
Chamber of
Commerce
Barstow,
California

will bring a
free, illustrated
travelogue
of this trip.

ASK FOR
TRIP NO. 9

Center of the Scenic
MOJAVE EMPIRE

BARSTOW

. . . California . . .

Going East!

Land of Romance, Scenic Beauty as You Travel the Historic,

This map and trip guide is designed to guide motorists along the colorful historic Southern Route between El Paso and San Diego. Many of the points of interest are illustrated. Others are designated by numbers on the map with corresponding numbers in the text matter which briefly describe the point. Other places of interest are noted in the copy.

EL PASO—a city whose history is rich with such names as Cabeza de Vaca, Juan de Onate and Coronado.

No. 1. WHITE SANDS NATIONAL MONUMENT—almost 500 square miles of dazzling white gypsum, wind-blown into fantastic dune formations, some over 100 feet in height.

LAS CRUCES—about three miles south of here is the town of Mesilla, where is found the "Billy the Kid" Museum, which contains many authentic relics of the famed desperado who roamed the southwestern country.

LORDSBURG—here the road branches. Be sure you stay on U. S. 80 to Douglas for the low altitude, all-paved, scenic route.

DOUGLAS—social and trading area of one of the largest agricultural areas in the Southwest, the Sulphur Springs Valley. Douglas with her ideal all-year climate, located in the land of sunshine, romance and scenic wonder, boasts of fine stores, new beautiful hotels, modern apartment houses, comfortable motor courts and, near Douglas, some of the finest Guest Ranches in the West.

Douglas is the gateway to the quaint Mexican city of Agua Prieta. With a population of 2,500, its picturesque shops, history filled streets, its language, traditions and customs, Agua Prieta is one of the most fascinating towns you will see.

No. 2. CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT—here Nature has fashioned a weird and silent community through the erosive agency of water and wind. Sometimes called Rhyolite Park or Wonderland of Rocks, this monument is easily reached from Douglas.

While in Douglas be sure to see the Douglas Smelters and the COMPANY of MARY NOVITIATE, the only novitiate of the International Institution of the Company of Mary, in the United States. With Douglas as your headquarters be sure to visit:

**GERONIMO MONUMENT
SKELETON CANYON
CAVE CREEK CANYON
CRYSTAL CAVE**

and many other points of interest. Full information service available at the Chamber of Commerce and Mines on G Avenue, in Douglas. Located right on U. S. Highway 80.



Balanced Rock — Chiricahua National Monument

BISBEE—one of the really interesting towns in America. Bisbee homes cling to the slopes of two long narrow canyons, terraced tier upon tier. Proud to be known as one of the richest copper districts in the United States, Bisbee takes pride, too, in her colorful history. Be sure to see:

SACRAMENTO PIT—located in Bisbee, is one of the largest mines of its kind in the world. More than 20,000,000 tons of copper ore have been taken from this mine.

Other points of interest in Bisbee:

**COCHISE CO. COURT HOUSE
MINER'S MONUMENT
OLD CUSTOMHOUSE
DIVIDE MONUMENT
FORT HUACHUCA**

Information service available at

the Chamber of Commerce, in the Copper Queen Hotel.

TOMBSTONE—The town too tough to die. One of the most famous mining towns in the West, at the height of its glory it was a city of equal importance with San Francisco. During the early days of the camp, law and order were practically unknown. Some of the most notorious gun battles of the West were fought in Tombstone—the Earp-Clanton fight at the O. K. CORRAL was one of the most historic.

Steeped in history and legend are such places as:



Stalactites in Colossal Cave

**SHEEP'S HEAD
CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON
BIRD CAGE THEATER
ORIENTAL BAR
LUCKY CUSS MINE
MILLION DOLLAR STOPE
SCHIEFFLEN MONUMENT**

No. 3. BOOT HILL GRAVEYARD—Burial place of men who died with their boots on. Many of the graves are marked in a way that tells the whole story. Such as:

JOHN HEATH
taken from
county jail &
LYNCHED
By Bisbee Mob
in TOMBSTONE
Feb. 22nd, 1884.

More detailed information can be obtained at Boot Hill Motel, a modern auto court at the west end of town.

An outstanding attraction is the Rose Tree Inn, location of LADY BANKSIA, world's largest rose tree with a colorful history of its own. A lunch or dinner served under the rose arbor, 50x60 feet in area, is a thrill not soon to be forgotten.

No. 4. SAGUARO NATIONAL MONUMENT—over 160,000 acres set aside in 1933 by the government in order to preserve the Saguaro.

TUCSON—"The Old Pueblo." Around Tucson has revolved much of the history of the frontier and of early Arizona. There is much to see around Tucson:

**GOVERNOR'S CORNER
THE WISHING SHRINE
UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
YAQUI INDIAN VILLAGE**

No. 5. MISSION SAN XAVIER del BAC—Located nine miles south of Tucson, this mission is conceded to be the most beautiful structure in the Southwest. Established in 1700.

CASA GRANDE—located in the fastest growing agricultural area in the United States, Casa Grande gets its name from the Casa Grande ruins to the northeast. Modern, progressive, with fine schools and churches historic as well as picturesque, the people here like to say that Casa Grande is the place where "East meets West and likes it!"

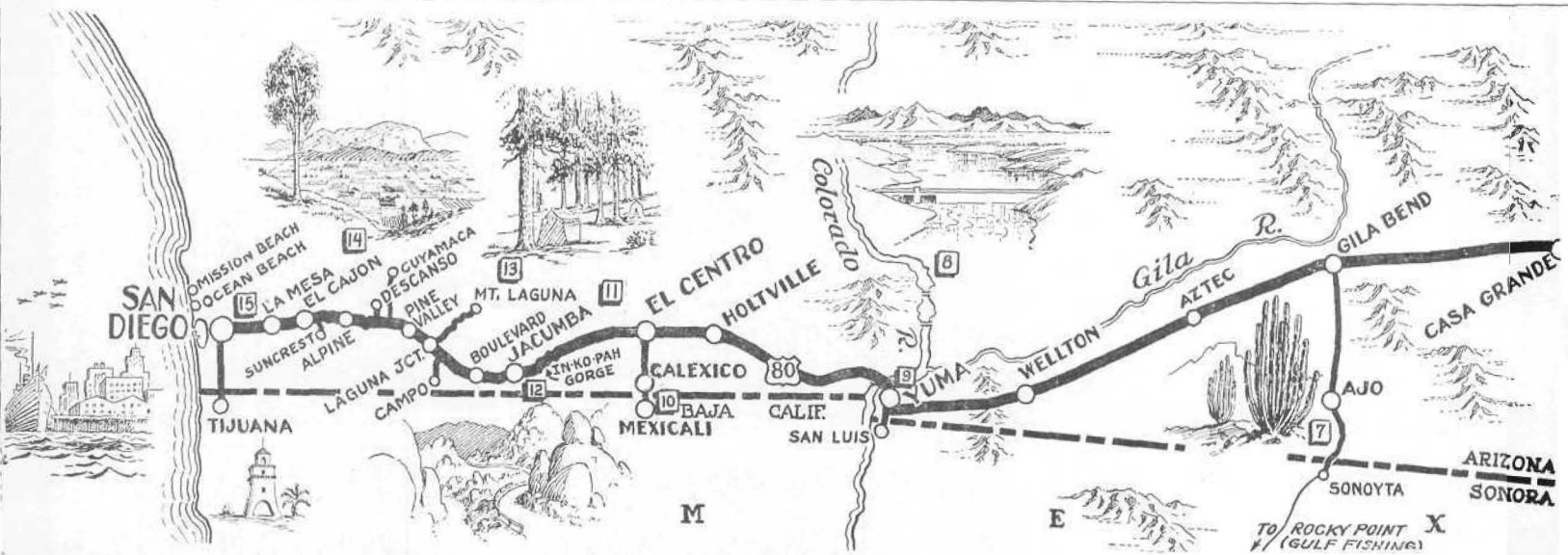
No. 6. CASA GRANDE NATIONAL MONUMENT—a relic of a prehistoric race. Four stories high this building has excited much interest. Considered by many to be the best preserved and most interesting prehistoric structure in Arizona.

GILA BEND—Gateway to the finest winter fishing and hunting grounds in America. Deep sea fishing 140 miles south in Mexico. See:

**OLD MARCOS DE NIZA TRAIL
VOLCANOES AND CRATERS
GILLESPIE DAM**

and many other interesting sights

No. 7. ORGAN PIPE NATIONAL MONUMENT—This cactus is so named because its branches resemble the pipes of the pipe organ. It grows as much as 20 feet tall and is one of the uncommon species of the cactus family.



and Contrast -- Yours to Enjoy Sunny SOUTHERN ROUTE

● Going West!

AZTEC—Right from here one goes to AGUA CALIENTE HOT SPRINGS. To the south can be found more Indian writings. Full information can be obtained from H. P. Johnson, at the Aztec Post Office.

YUMA—Arizona's "Gretna Green" Where many movie stars come to get married. Center of exceptionally rich irrigated area containing 100,000 acres of Colorado River land.

Yuma's colorful history is reflected in many of her interesting and picturesque buildings. Starting out as a Spanish trading center at the junction of two Spanish trailways, "El Camino del Diablo" and "El Camino de los Padres."

No. 8. IMPERIAL AND LAGUNA DAMS—Both of these dams are of the Indian weir type of construction. Boating and other sports are enjoyed in the lakes that have formed behind the dams.

No. 9. TERRITORIAL PRISON—Historic landmark on main highway to Yuma, where in early territorial days the badmen of the territory were incarcerated.

Prominent among other points of interest are:

TERRITORIAL PRISON MUSEUM
QUECHAN INDIAN RESERVATION
COCOPAH INDIAN RESERVATION
LAGUNA DAM
GILA PROJECT CONSTRUCTION
IMPERIAL DAM
FAMOUS PALM CANYON

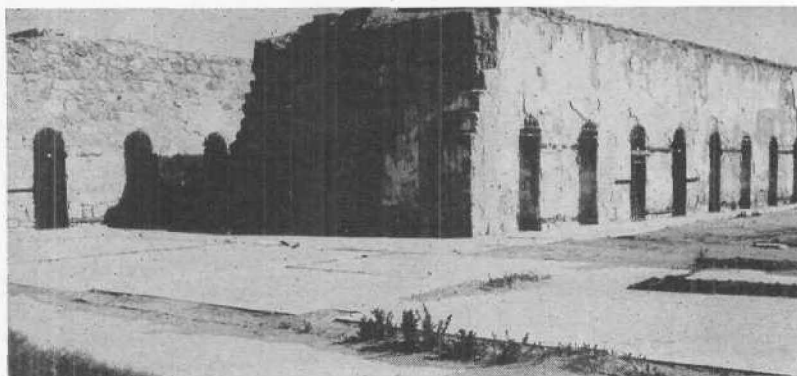
To the south, in the Gulf of California, easily reached from Yuma, can be had some of the finest fishing in the country.

GORDON'S—Be sure to stop at the station with the windmills. More than a hundred different things to see at this unique desert oasis.

HOLTVILLE—Holtville occupies an enviable position midway between San Diego and Tucson. Holtville enjoys one day trip access to more than 30 points of outstanding scenic, educational and historical interest, including sand dunes, Aztec writings more than 25,000 years old, largest low grade gold ore mine in the world, Salton Sea and innumerable

other attractions. Just beyond the Highline canal five miles east of Holtville are 130,000 acres of high mesa land. Construction of the All-American canal has made irrigation of this fertile area practical, and this area will eventually be open to homesteading.

EL CENTRO—geographically the center of the Southern California desert, El Centro is the logical stop-over for all trips to the desert. Through the centuries El Centro and the Imperial Valley, has been a land of romance and fascination, of wonder and progress.



Old Prison at Fort Yuma

Using El Centro as a base you can make daily trips to:

YUHA FOSSIL BEDS
PETRIFIED FOREST AREA
GOLD FIELDS IN EASTERN IMPERIAL COUNTY

The following are of special interest:

No. 10. MEXICALL in OLD MEXICO—Capital city of Baja California. Home of the Governor and his staff. A city of 15,000 population, with all the atmosphere and charm of Old Mexico. Gateway to Mexico is never closed.

No. 11. ANZA DESERT STATE PARK—Rock strata, brilliantly hued and many varieties of interesting

and colorful desert flora are to be found in this painted desert. An easy one day trip from El Centro.

No. 12. JACUMBA—Population about 400. Baths in mineral water from Jacumba's hot springs are said to have a curative effect for some ailments.

MOUNTAIN EMPIRE DISTRICT—For the next 40 miles U. S. Highway 80 rolls through a succession of mountain passes, and deep, green valleys, reaching its peak elevation at Laguna Junction.

Indian reservations are located near Manzanita, Campo and Alpine. Points of interest in the area include: a feldspar mine and mill at Campo, which produces material for surfacing the nation's glossy bathroom fixtures; Morena Lake; the Eleventh Cavalry cantonment at Campo; gold mines in operation near Pine Valley; the 6220-foot high Laguna recreation area; Cuyamaca Lake, and peaceful Descanso valley.

No. 13. Motorists will find over-night accommodations in rental cabins and cottages at Bankhead Springs, Boulevard, Manzanita, Oak Knoll, Campo, Laguna Junction, Laguna Mountain recreation area, Cuyamaca, Pine Valley, Guatay, Descanso and Alpine. Hotel dining rooms are at Morena Lodge; Pine

Valley Cabin; Cuyamaca Lake Resort; Hulburt Grove Guest Ranch, and Descanso Tavern; The Willows, and Ye Alpine Tavern. Saddle horses may be rented at Pine Valley and Hulburt Grove Guest Ranch.

ALPINE—Alpine homes vary from attractive cottages, to pretentious estates.

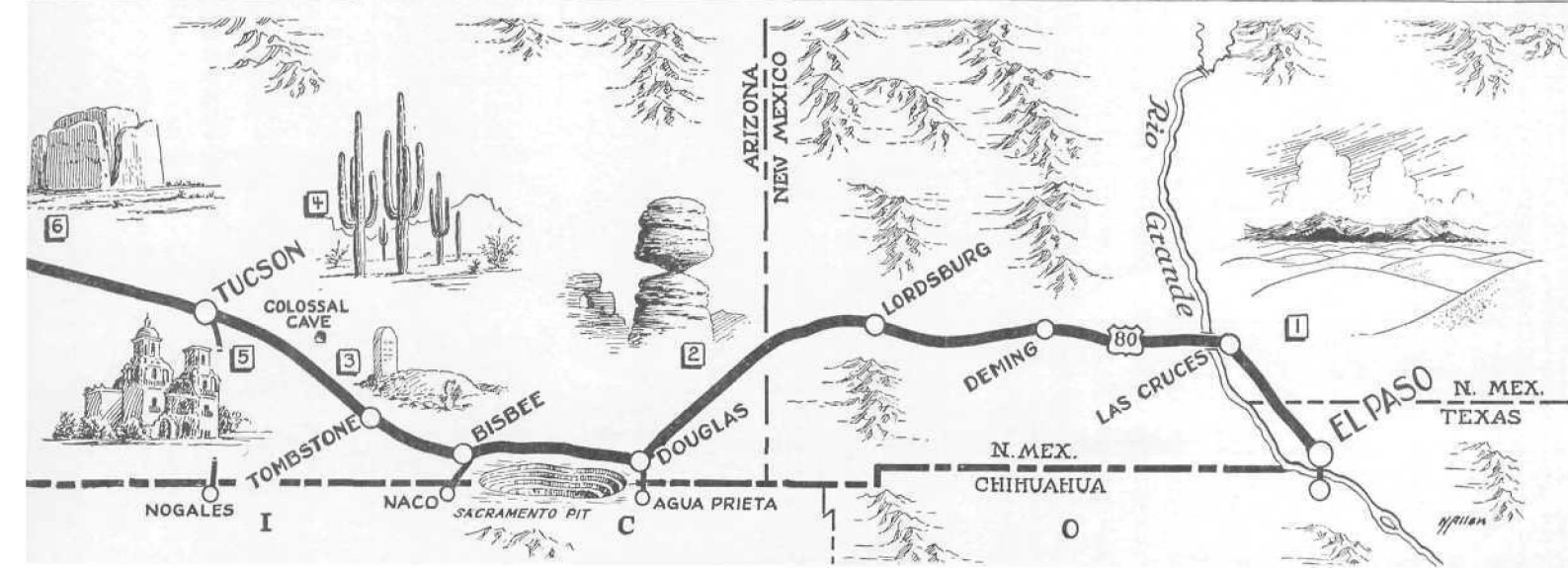
Coming down from the mountains a widespread vista of a huge valley checkerboarded with productive ranches and orange groves begins to unroll. Roadside business communities along this stretch are Flinn Springs, with its noted picnic grounds; Johnstown, with restaurants and service station, and Glenview, trading point for surrounding ranches.

EL CAJON—El Cajon is an incorporated city of about 2,000 population, located 16.3 miles from San Diego. The city has excellent accommodations for tourists, and automotive service is expert and reliable.

LA MESA—is a city of beautiful hillside homes and is the scene of a famous annual flower show. A wonderful view of the surrounding country may be obtained from nearby Mount Helix. Annual Easter services are held at sunrise beneath a huge Cross here.

SAN DIEGO—U. S. Highway 80 enters San Diego over El Cajon boulevard, a seven mile stretch teeming with well regulated traffic and business. On the boulevard are located numerous motor courts with rates ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per day.

No. 15. All of San Diego's many points of historical and scenic interest can be reached quickly and easily from here. Outstanding points of interest are Old Town, birthplace of the city; the beaches; a harbor from which Navy vessels are continually arriving and departing on mysterious missions; Balboa Park; a world famous zoo, and the gigantic airplane factories engaged in tremendous defense and export production.



The Desert TRADING POST

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—actually about 1½ cents per thousand readers.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE ARTIFICIAL MARBLE. Glazed cement, Flooring, Pottery, Novelties. Samples 3c; expect surprise. Payne, 945 Grande Vista (Room 699), Los Angeles, Calif.

SALESMEN WANTED

WANT PLEASANT WORK in a business of your own? Good profits selling over 200 widely advertised Rawleigh home-farm necessities. Pays better than most occupations. Hundreds in business 5 to 20 years or more. Products—equipment on credit. No experience needed to start—we teach you how. Write today for full particulars. Rawleigh's, Dept. B-145-DSR, Freeport, Ill.

PHOTO FINISHING

FILMS DEVELOPED. 8 mammoth Rancho enlargements or 16 prints from roll, 25c. Reprints 2c each. Rancho enlargements 3½c. 4x6 enlargements 5c. Rancho Photo, Dept D, Ontario, Calif.

LIVESTOCK

KARAKULS producers of Persian Lamb fur are easy to raise and adapted to the desert which is their native home. For further information write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52 Place, Maywood, California.

KARAKUL SHEEP have proven profitable. This fact increases demand. Write for Bulletin No. 10 on their care and habits. James Yoakam, California Karakul Sheep Co., 1128 North Hill Ave., Pasadena, California.

MISCELLANEOUS

FREE—Copy America's largest trapping magazine. Writers: Butcher, Grigg, Dailey—100 others! Send stamp. North American Trapper, Dept. DM, Charleston, West Virginia.

12 BEAUTIFUL perfect prehistoric Indian Arrowheads, postpaid for a dollar bill. Catalog listing thousands of other relics free. Caddo Trading Post, Glenwood, Arkansas.

KODACHROME PRINTS wanted. We need a few 4x5 prints, desert subjects only. Write, listing prints available and price. Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

KODACHROME 2X2 SLIDES, "Springtime in the Desert." 40 slides with descriptive manual \$20. C.O.D. on approval. Write for folder. C. Edward Graves, Arcata, California.

DESERT RENTALS

FOR RENT—Furnished desert home—Borrego valley. New 5-room desert home completely furnished, running water, bath, butane gas, on state highway 78 at new townsite of Ocotillo. \$65.00 month. Also one room furnished house same location \$20.00 month. Owner, D. C. Kemp, 101 South Orange Drive, Los Angeles, Calif. Phone York 6577.

REAL ESTATE

For Imperial Valley Farms —

W. E. HANCOCK

"The Farm Land Man"

Since 1914

EL CENTRO — — — CALIFORNIA

Mines and Mining..

Morenci, Arizona . . .

Production was scheduled to start at the Phelps - Dodge corporation's \$35,000,000 open copper pit about January 15. Since August, 1937, 40,000,000 tons of overburden have been stripped from the surface of the mountain where the ore body is located, and 230,000,000 tons of ore exposed. The pit is roughly 6,000 feet long by 4,000 feet wide. Crushing plants, concentrators and smelter are installed to treat 25,000 tons of 1.06 percent ore daily.

Independence, California . . .

Fifty thousand tons of \$15 gold, silver and lead ore have been blocked out preparatory to the starting of work at the Sandoro Mining company's property 25 miles east of Trona in the Slate range. Cookhouse and accommodations for 24 miners are under construction.

Moab, Utah . . .

Federal agencies are reported to have approved construction of roads into the vast vanadium field in Grand and San Juan counties. A \$750,000 mill to refine vanadium is being constructed at Monticello, and another mill is being considered for Moab. A new bridge across the Colorado river at Moab is regarded as necessary before shipments out of the field can be made on a large scale. The present bridge has a limit of eight tons. Vanadium is used for the hardening of steel, especially for tool making.

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Four carloads of clay are soon to be shipped from the property of the Southern California minerals company in North American canyon, according to Foreman F. M. Stockton. The deposit is worked about 30 days each year to take out enough clay to operate for a year the factory to which it goes. It is used for making dishes and other types of pottery.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Contract for the construction of 1,000 portable homes to take care of workers at the \$63,000,000 magnesium plant near here was let late in December. Cost of the houses is estimated at \$4,500,000.

Death Valley, California . . .

Plans have been announced for the reopening of the Confidence-Mendocino gold mine 19 miles west of Shoshone. Handpicked ore from the property has run \$125 while large tonnage of \$13 ore is said to be available. The property has been idle since 1934.

Battle Mountain, Nevada . . .

The 400-ton mill being constructed by the International Smelting and Refining company at Copper canyon, is nearing completion. A complete camp has been erected and operations were scheduled to start soon after January 1.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

With the exception of 1917, Utah's output of the five principal nonferrous metals during 1941 is estimated to be the highest on record. While final figures are not available the total value for the year is predicted to amount to \$96,000,000 compared with \$85,585,000 in 1940. The total in 1917—another war year—was \$99,328,000.

Miami, Arizona . . .

Great American Prospector's association, according to its annual report, is seeking a location for a retirement home for indigent, crippled and aged prospectors. The home, it is stated, should be located in a mining district that has the promise of being active for many years.

Shiprock, New Mexico . . .

Federal agencies in December asked for bids for the development of carnotite and related minerals in the Carrizo mountains on Navajo tribal lands 40 miles northwest of here.

The successful bidders were required to post a bond of \$15,000, and agree to employ only Navajo labor in all unskilled work and truck driving. Indians are to receive a 10 percent royalty on all minerals except vanadium and a minimum of \$1.00 a ton on that metal.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

Students of the prospecting class in the mining school here recently discovered tungsten at the Tonopah Pegleg mine. Under a fluorescent lamp the specimens showed many veins of the mineral.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

A new postoffice—Talcott—has been opened on the Roosevelt-Midland highway 12 miles west of Lida to serve miners and operators in the Palmetto district. The name of the new town was coined by a group of men interested in the talc mines in that area. Four companies including the Blue Star, Sierra Talc, Nevada Minerals, California minerals and several independent leasers are now producing about 300 tons of talc daily in this area.

Lordsburg, New Mexico . . .

A rich mine, believed to have been operated by Spaniards and Indians more than 150 years ago, is reported to have been located by Dr. M. E. Noss of Alamogordo after four years of prospecting in San Andres mountains. Four claims have been located and immediate development work is planned.

Operators of the O. K. mine in the Twentynine Palms, California, area, report returns of \$72.80 a ton on a 20-ton shipment of ore.

Nevada Consolidated Copper corporation operating the plant at McGill reports that it has been treating as high as 20,000 tons of ore daily.

Anaconda and Phelps Dodge, two of the country's largest copper mining concerns, went on a seven-day week in December.

The Defense Plant corporation has announced the erection of a \$50,000,000 aluminum plant to be located on 256 acres near 190th and Normandie streets, Los Angeles.

Production of mercury throughout the nation in October was estimated at 4,000 flasks, while consumption was about 4,800. The price rose from a minimum of \$193 to a maximum of \$197 a flask.

Gems and Minerals

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to collectors.

—ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor—

ARIZONA SOCIETY MAKING STUDY OF VOLCANOES

Ben Humphries related his experiences as an eye witness of the eruption of Santa Maria in Guatemala at the December 4 meeting of the Mineralogical society of Arizona. The group has been making a study of volcanism. There are no active volcanoes in Arizona, but abundant evidence of extensive activity in the past. Major L. F. Brady of the museum of Northern Arizona was to speak on Arizona volcanoes at the January 29 meeting.

Dr. George G. McKhann, secretary, was the December 10 speaker. He told of a trip to the Camp Verde salt mines where he found specimens of thenardite, glauberite, and gypsum, as well as halite. Modern mining in this district has uncovered evidence that the mines were worked by prehistoric peoples. Perfectly preserved bodies and tools have been recovered from ancient caved in shafts.

The society has purchased a fluorescent lamp which was used at the January 15 fluorescent show.

January first meeting was in charge of the younger members, Jim Blakely and Don Butler, who staged a mineral auction.

DISCOVERS METHOD FOR EXTRACTION OF ALUMINUM

Dr. Arthur W. Hixon, at the Virginia Beach, Virginia, meeting of the American institute of chemical engineers, said that he had developed a method of extracting aluminum from clay at not more than 30 dollars a ton. This statement gains in importance when we consider that our local deposits of bauxite would probably last only three or four years, and that most of our present supply is derived from ore imported from British and Dutch Guiana in South America.

Dr. Hixon boils high silica clay in hydrochloric acid, in order to alter the aluminum oxide into a solution of aluminum chloride and iron chloride. Then a solvent, such as isopropyl ether, separates and washes away the iron chloride. Aluminum chloride, when heated, precipitates as aluminum oxide, and is then baked at 800 degrees centigrade to form alumina. The Hall process then easily changes the alumina to ordinary commercial aluminum. As the deposits of clay of suitable quality in the United States seem to be almost inexhaustible, this process should solve all problems with regard to available sources of this necessary metal.

TAIL OF THE TRAIL

By LILLIAN E. MILES
San Bernardino, California

I'm a rock hound that's lost the scent,
I always go where others have went,
No fields of jasper do I discover,
And never a geode do I uncover.
They go ahead, I follow behind,
Hoping always to make a find,
What they lick and drop I also lick;
Isn't it queer I get such a kick
Out of following a rock hound's trail,
Wagging along, being the tail.

S. H. Edwards, manager of Industrial steel treating company, addressed East Bay mineral society at the December 4 meeting on the importance of alloying elements for metals needed in the defense program. A Christmas party was held December 18. Mineral specimens were exchanged as gifts.

Los Angeles lapidary society and Searles Lake gem and mineral society held a joint meeting December 6 at the Trona coffee shop. W. A. Gale addressed the combined groups on the geology and history of Searles Lake, and explained the manufacture and uses of its products. Harvey Eastman showed motion pictures taken at Barstow mineral show and in the Mojave desert.

DEL PASO HOTEL BANNING, CALIFORNIA

Rooms — \$1.00-\$1.50-\$2.00 — Steam Heat

Gem collectors—come in and see our Lapidary outfit which is available FREE to our guests.

Art Campbell, Mgr. (Rockologist)

UNCUT GEM STONES MOUNTED

in silver. Mounting designed to fit stone. Distinctive pendants, brooches, etc. Prices moderate. Submit your stone and get estimate.

L. A. PRITCHARD

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Las Vegas, Nevada

RINGS AND BROOCHES to fit YOUR STONES

JEWEL CRAFT

704 So. San Pedro St.

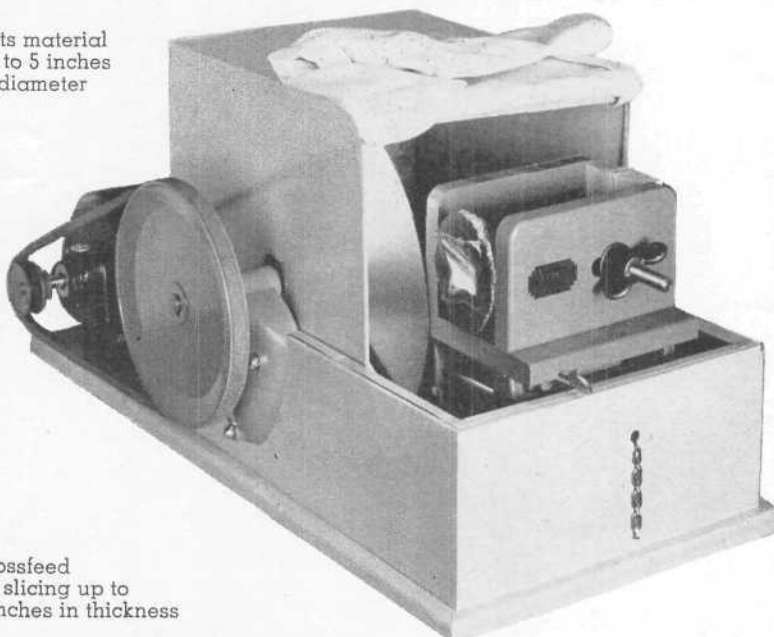
LOS ANGELES

TU. 5554

PLATT PRESTON—CLEMENTE URRUTIA

VRECO 12-in. Diamond Sawing Outfit

Cuts material
up to 5 inches
in diameter



Crossfeed
for slicing up to
2 inches in thickness

A COMPLETE PORTABLE MACHINE . . .

Designed for gem cutters who want the best in lapidary equipment, this 12-inch sawing outfit is built with just one thought in mind: to produce, from quality parts and materials, a precision machine that would offer easier, cleaner and longer lasting operation than any other sawing outfit on the market regardless of price.

No. 300—VRECO 12-inch Sawing Outfit, including VRECO side arbor and saw carriage, 12-inch diamond saw, 8-inch arbor pulley, 2-inch motor pulley (1/2-inch hole), and 42-inch belt.
F. O. B. Pasadena, California. \$38.25
Shipping Weight 45 Pounds

SEND FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG ON LAPIDARY EQUIPMENT

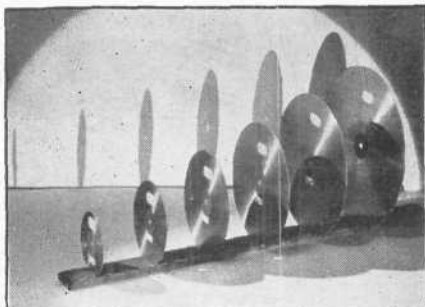
Warner & Grieger

405 Ninita Parkway

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6-in.....	\$3.45	12-in.....	\$ 6.90
8-in.....	4.60	14-in.....	9.15
10-in.....	5.75	16-in.....	11.50

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Vreeland Lapidary Mfg. Co.

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Portland, Oregon

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By O. C. Smith, A.B., A.M.

"CLASSIFIES ALL
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Simplicity for the amateur, Completeness
for the professional.

Complete BLOWPIPE METHODS and
TABLES.

Price — \$3.50 — Plus tax in California

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5157 Santa Ana St. — Bell, California

Lapidary Equipment and Supplies

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AGENTS WANTED

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AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Imperial Valley gem and mineral society travelled to the Black Hills geode beds December 6-7. Clement weather and a gorgeous moon made camping out most pleasant. At the campfire meeting Eva Wilson gave an informal talk on the flora of that region and George Egling on the geology. Stunning news of the Pearl Harbor catastrophe interrupted the trip.

Los Angeles mineralogical society has postponed meetings until further notice, due to U. S. blackout regulations.

Orange Belt mineralogical society studied flood control and water conservation at the January 8 meeting. H. C. Troxel of U.S.G.S. was the speaker. The group made a trip to Mill Creek canyon January 18 to study interesting geological formations under leadership of Kenneth Garner.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Cotton sent clever Christmas cards: a cartoon-illustrated tale of a trip to Yellowstone, told largely by using names of minerals.

Stockton gem and mineral club will hold its annual exhibit February 1-28 at the Pioneer museum and Haggin art galleries in Victory park, Stockton. The exhibit will be open to the public daily, except Monday, from 1:30 to 5, and Sundays from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., admission free.

Tacoma Agate club announces the following officers for 1942: Irving Beal, president; Ray Meridian, vice-president; Joy Aldrich, secretary; Charlie Wible, treasurer; Don Ross, director. This live group has grown from nothing to 80 members in one year, and hopes to become the largest club in the Northwest.

Long Beach mineralogical society has chosen the following officers: Karl Von der Ahe, president; N. W. Rochford, vice-president; T. E. Graham, secretary; Ruth Tower, librarian; R. N. Thompson, treasurer; B. Schlagenhauff, editor. The annual banquet was held December 12th at the recreation club house, Long Beach. Rock specimens were exchanged as gifts. December field trip took the group to Afton canyon. N. W. Rochford has offered his summer house in which to display a permanent exhibit of Long Beach society's specimens. The December bulletin contained a brief resume of the year's activities.

New Jersey mineralogical society, Plainfield, New Jersey, enjoyed a mineralogical quiz at the December 2 meeting, a popular method of learning mineralogy. The exhibit staged by the Plainfield group was a complete success. About 1,700 visitors attended. An outstanding display was a \$1,000 platinum nugget, one of the largest known.

W. Scott Lewis, member, lectured on geology of the Mojave desert at the December meeting of Pacific mineral society. Leon Heghinian gave a short talk on strategic minerals of Los Angeles county.

Many December 6-7 field trips were sadly terminated by news of the Pearl Harbor debacle.

Sequoia mineral society observes its fifth birthday February 7 with a banquet at the Dinuba Presbyterian church.

Rhodonite, a silicate of manganese, has been discovered near Jacumba, San Diego county, California. The mineral ranges from pink to red in color, and is mixed with black manganese dioxide. The combination of colors is very pleasing.

Idaho bureau of mines reports discovery of a large body of aluminum clay seven miles northwest of Priest river, Idaho. The clay runs 30 to 40 percent aluminum.

Eddie Shaw, a Lida, Nevada, Indian, is receiving a royalty of two dollars per ton on talc taken from his property in Palmetto canyon. The Blue Star Talc company of Los Angeles is shipping 20 tons of the mineral per day to a plant at Big Pine, California.

A new process has been developed by Johns-Manville near Chrysotile, Arizona, for separating short fiber asbestos from its gangue. Demand is increasing for low grade asbestos to mix with Portland cement for coating iron pipe.

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San Fernando Valley mineral society reports election of the following: Peyton Randolph, president; Lawrence S. Higley, vice-president; Evelyn Taylor, secretary; Geo. McPheeters, field trip chairman; Nellie McPheeters, treasurer. A joint meeting of old and new boards was held December 21 at the home of W. D. Taylor, retiring president. Thirty-nine new members were added to the roster during 1941.

Mineralogical society of Southern California enjoyed a technicolor sound film December 8 entitled "A trip through Carlsbad caverns," presented by the Santa Fe railroad.

Mining officials in Miami, Arizona, report that only sulphide ores are now being mined, hence no showy specimens.

Charter membership in Mojave mineralogical society closed January 1. J. W. Bradley is president; A. W. Houck, vice-president; Mrs. J. W. Bradley, secretary-treasurer. First field trip was held December 14 in Tick canyon.

Dr. Robt. Webb, U.C.L.A., began a course in minerals and rocks January 21 at 813 So. Hill street, Los Angeles.

John M. Nordquist, seismologist of California institute of technology, addressed Santa Barbara mineral society and guests at the museum of natural history, on earthquakes, showing slides and explaining instruments.

Sequoia mineral society field tripped to the Shark Tooth area, Kern county, California, December 7.

Several mineral news bulletins bore attractive holiday theme covers, notably the Searles Lake and Sequoia publications.

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Students of the Coachella valley union high school have formed their own mineral society, the Arab Rockhounds. Officers are George McKinnon, president; Edward Kono, vice-president; Daisy Smead, secretary-treasurer. A recent collecting trip to Orocochia mountains was the third field expedition this year, previous trips having been made to Garnet Queen and the asbestos mines, and to Devil's canyon.

STRATEGIC — CRITICAL ESSENTIAL

According to definition from federal authorities:

"Strategic materials are those essential to national defense, for the supply of which in war dependence must be placed in whole, or in substantial part, on sources outside the continental limits of the United States; and for which strict conservation and distribution control measures will be necessary.

"Critical materials are those essential to national defense, the procurement problems of which in war would be less difficult than those of strategic materials either because they have a lesser degree of essentiality or are obtainable in more adequate quantities from domestic sources; and for which some degree of conservation and distribution control will be necessary."

Essential materials are those of which at present the United States has apparently adequate domestic supplies but which some day may become strategic or critical.

Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

• These days it is sorta difficult to cogitate on anything except the war madness that has gripped the world 'n the constant danger to our boys. God bless 'n keep um.

• What 'r rockhouns goin' to do now instead uv field trippin'? Rock trips uses up too much precious rubber, for roads into good pickin' territories is generally abominable. To say nuthin' about scarce gas. Maybe they'll stay home 'n polish up some uv the specimens gathered on previous journeys. Most of 'em have lotsa good material to shine up for future exhibits.

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1022 Crocker Building
San Francisco, Calif.

Dec. 15, 1941

Dear Sir:

Received the saw in good shape and I want to thank you for your promptness. I am enclosing cheque to cover.

Examining the old saw more closely, I note that it is worn down to the bottom of the niches, so there is no more diamond left. I think this is a pretty good record for this saw as it went right through from start to finish without giving a minute's trouble in any way, and cutting all the time right down to the bottom of the slots.

That Nephrite is tough, and of course it would be tougher still when the saw was on its last legs. Several months ago we sawed several slices and had no trouble whatever as the saw had not become so worn.

Sincerely yours,
J. W. CROSBY
Secretary-Treasurer

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The commonest mineral sold as jade is a variety of brilliant green limestone, or calcite, which takes a beautiful polish. Whereas true jade has a hardness of seven, this substitute is only three in hardness, and is therefore very easy to detect, as an ordinary pocket knife scratches it easily. True jade cannot be scratched by anything softer than quartz. This imitation, like all other common carbonates, effervesces in hydrochloric acid.

• • •

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- Blue white diamonds are not the most expensive gems?
- Diamonds have been found in India, Brazil, Africa and the United States?
- The Cullinan diamond weighed 3,106 carats, or almost a pound, five ounces?
- African diamonds are found in kimberlite or "blue ground," while the Brazilian variety are found in loose gravels of stream beds?
- Arkansas has produced several thousand diamonds, some of them of fair size?
- Black diamonds are harder than gem crystals?
- Diamonds with tiny perforations are used as dies in the manufacture of electric light filaments?
- Diamond crystals were used as "play things" by Dutch children in Africa for many years?
- Diamonds have very perfect cleavage, which makes it necessary to reduce the size of very large stones when they are cut?
- Diamonds have a refractive index of 2.439?
- Diamonds are very brittle and fracture easily?
- Diamonds are combustible?
- Diamonds were first discovered in India?
- The "Vargas" diamond, found recently in Brazil, weighs 726 carats?

• • •

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Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah, and Marie Lomas for Nevada.

ARIZONA

● **FREDONIA**, Coconino county. First settled in 1885 by Mormons, organized as a branch in 1890 and became a Ward in 1894. When the townsit was surveyed in 1886 it was called Fredonia, in the hope its citizens would have freedom from religious persecution under the Edmunds-Tucker law.

● **NAVAJO COUNTY**. From the Tewa Indian word meaning "place of large plantings," referring to large areas of land developed by the Indians. County created in 1895 by the 18th Territorial legislature, from the west half of Apache county. Principal industries are agriculture, cattle, Indian products, lumber and tourists.

CALIFORNIA

● **SERRANO**, Riverside county. From Rancho Los Serranos. The founder of the Serrano family came to San Diego with Fra Junipero Serra in 1769. Leandro Serrano, his son, located on the mission lands in Temescal valley in 1818, and built the first house in Riverside county in 1824.

● **WATERMAN CANYON**, San Bernardino county. The Mormons, under Capt. Jefferson Hunt in 1851-52 built the first road in San Bernardino county up Waterman canyon. Named for R. W. Waterman, a pioneer, who was elected lieutenant-governor in 1886 and governor in 1887. Town of Daggett was formerly known as Waterman.

NEVADA

● **BATTLE MOUNTAIN**, Lander county. Town serving as supply center for active mining and ranching districts. Named for the range stretching to the south, which in 1861 was the scene of the first of a series of skirmishes between the natives and the whites. Town established in 1868 as a station serving the camps of the Battle Mountain mining district. By 1870 32 mines and two smelters were in operation. The Little Giant nearby, discovered in 1867, produced about one million dollars in silver. Before 1880 an English corporation had taken more than 40,000 tons of copper ore from Copper canyon to the southwest and shipped it to Wales. In 1871 50 tons of antimony were shipped from Cottonwood creek to the west, and veins near Galena, to the south, were soon to give up about five million dollars worth

of silver, lead and gold. (Federal Writers Project.)

NEW MEXICO

● **THOMPSON PEAK**, mountain, Santa Fe county. Arthur P. Davis, of the U. S. geological survey party of 1864 named the peak in honor of A. H. Thompson, also a member of the survey party, and known for his outstanding work in connection with the survey made at that time. Alt. 10,546.

● **FORT CRAIG**, historical site, Socorro county. Established March 31, 1854 by Company K of the 2nd U. S. Dragoons and Company I of the 3rd U. S. Infantry by direction of the general commanding officer of the Department of N. M., and named in honor of Brevet Lieut. Col. Craig, of the 3rd U. S. Infantry. The military reservation of 38 sq. mi. was set up by executive order Sept. 23, 1869 and was paid for Jan. 1878 by award of the U. S. and Mexico Claims Commission, leaving title to the U. S. The fort was located at the beginning of the Jornada del Muerto (Journey of Death—an old Spanish trail where many lives were lost) three miles south of San Marcial and was maintained as a protection for New Mexico settlers and travelers from Apache raids. In 1885 the reservation was turned over to the secretary of the interior, and is now in ruins.

UTAH

● **EMERY** county. Named in honor of George W. Emery, territorial governor of Utah, 1875-1880. Area: 5,234 sq. mi. County seat: Castle Dale.

● **BIRDSEYE**, Utah county. Derived its name from the nearby quarries of bird's-eye marble.

● **HEINER**, Carbon county. Named for Moroni Heiner, former vice-president of the United States Fuel company. First called Panther, taking the name of a local mine. Later named Carbon. Alt. 5,937.

● **HURRICANE**, Washington county. Derived its name from Hurricane Fault, the long jagged escarpment extending south of the town which was so named by Erastus Snow, Mormon church official, because he was caught here in a snow. A fruit-raising town, settled 1906. Pop. 1,197.

For the historical data contained in this department the Desert

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LETTERS

Where There is Still Faith . . .

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Los Angeles, California

In these days of turmoil, treachery and man's inhumanity to man, the beautiful stories of man's ability to live nobly, courageously and undaunted in the great desert country, as told in Desert Magazine, are a work of art and should be shouted from the housetops.

"Man is not a puppet, not an inanimate thing to be juggled on a string." He is brave and true and considerate—the true pattern of the great Creator, who gave him life and sent him forth to be master of his own destiny.

I am expressing the thing that Desert brings to me, and I know it must do the same for your many other readers.

And now to you and your staff I send greetings for your happiness and continued success in your chosen work. As truly as you edit Desert Magazine from month to month, just as truly do you send forth faith in a world sadly confused and much in need of that faith.

ZELLA H. GRANT

THIS WINTER . . .



REST AND PLAY

in the Sunshine Capital of the United States

There is nothing like spending a winter on the desert for a real REST — for a bracing pick-up! Yuma's climate is TOPS, and round and about Yuma there are so many things to do, so many interesting places to see, that time passes swiftly, and pleasantly. Nearby are the ruins of the Territorial Prison, Indian reservations, places for fishing, boating, riding. Excellent tennis courts and picturesque golf courses all conspire to make your stay at Yuma a pleasant one.

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Please send me, entirely free of cost, your illustrated folder containing interesting and historical facts about Yuma.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Old Days at Bagdad on the Mojave Desert . . .

San Bernardino, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

The item about Bagdad, California, appearing on the Place Names page of Desert Magazine in January was misleading and totally wrong.

I realize your staff cannot investigate every historical detail, and I do not criticize Desert at all for it has always stood for truth and accuracy. But I cannot allow the statement in question to go unchallenged.

Needles was my home town from 1886 to the time I left these 20 years ago, and Bagdad was our next door neighbor. During those early days when I wasn't prowling over the desert I was working for the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, earning money to enable me to prowl around some more.

Bagdad was so named by the S. P. company which built the railroad from Mojave to the Colorado river at Needles in the early '80s. John Suter was roadmaster for the A. & P. and while prospecting south of Ludlow, 15 miles west of Bagdad, he found good mineral ground and staked out some claims, one of which he named Bagdad after the railroad station. That is the origin of the name Bagdad-Chase Mining company.

All the mining operations which eventuated south of Ludlow took place much later, years after Bagdad appeared on the map, and those operations affected Bagdad not at all, for the mining company built its own short branch line from its property to Ludlow and that town reaped all the benefits.

As to the "rip-roaring camp" at Bagdad, it just never was. The Orange Blossom and one or two other stock-promoted companies made Bagdad and Amboy receiving points for their incoming freight, but those mining activities were short-lived and created no more than a mild excitement. Quite a lot of Orange Blossom stock was sold in Needles, for John Denair, division superintendent, got into it for all he was worth and the railroad men followed his lead, but no permanent mines were found.

I visited the old camp three years ago and it is not even a ghost town, nothing being left but the mine shafts.

CHARLES BATTYE

Please Omit the Willie Boys . . .

Santa Monica, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I am just wondering how many others received the thrill this Christmas that I did, when among my gifts I found a subscription to The Desert Magazine, my favorite magazine for now over two years, (I have been getting it from the news stand.)

There is to me something very sacred about the desert, hence my enjoyment every month learning more about it, I especially like the articles by Marshal South. And I hope when the rain god visits Ghost Mountain this winter, he will fill all the pans for Rider and Rudyard.

And that reminds me, I have a very important request to make, that you do not again publish anything on the order of "Willie Boy" which appeared in the November issue. Really I felt that was a desecration to a magazine which up to then had only written of the beautiful.

I am anxiously watching for my January copy of The Desert, it is indeed a cherished and welcome gift. In closing may I wish you and your staff a happy and successful New Year. In these troubled times, we need more than ever the beauty, peace and tranquillity Desert Magazine brings.

KATHRYNE LAWYER

More Stories from Yaquitepec . . .

Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I like everything in Desert Magazine. More and more of it is what I want in these war-clouded days, especially since Uncle Sam rolled up his sleeves.

If only you would give more space to Marshal and Tanya South during these trying times. I am sure not only that a great many of your readers would welcome more from both of them, but you would be giving Desert Magazine a better break.

It seems to me they are the true desert personalities. They live by what they preach, and this is real intellectual honesty, as raw and beautiful as the great desert is wide and deep. They are therefore nominated by me as the two First People of the desert, narrators of homespun homelore and rich in the substance and elements from which they root.

J. COONEY

Dynamite for Hilton . . .

Kennebunkport, Maine

Dear Desert Magazine:

I hope it will be a satisfaction to hear the enclosed subscription is going to two ardent Maine prospectors who were unable to sleep, even after a terrific day of prospecting, at my house last fall because I placed a pile of Desert Magazines at their bedside table.

My only suggestion is that you punch Hilton up into doing more than having his picture on your cover enjoying himself.

MADELEINE BURRAGE

Printers Moved the Boundary . . .

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Your apology for getting the Little Colorado in the wrong place, and your apparent desire for "gentlemanly kicks" leads me to call your attention to (top page 37, January issue) the fact that El Morro national monument is not in Arizona, but in New Mexico. You'll find it about 60 miles southeast of Gallup.

Since many Arizonans think there is too much public land tied up in Arizona's 16 national monuments, and some New Mexicans feel they are on the short end with only eight, you may find yourself in dutch with both states if you move El Morro across the line into Arizona.

I think Audrey Wall's personality sketch of Hal Empie was one of the most interestingly written stories I have ever read.

NATT DODGE

*Thanks, Natt, and apologies to both Arizona and New Mexico.
That was one of those typographical mix-ups for which there is no
good alibi.*

—R.H.

"We Just Prowl on the Desert" . . .

Reno, Nevada

Dear Editors:

Having been introduced to your magazine a few months ago by a well-meaning friend, we unanimously declare there "ought to be a law agin it!" To read an issue is to be afflicted with a severe case of itchy feet that nothing in the world will cure but a trek out into our beloved desert—and when folks have to work for a living it is nothing but torture.

We've only lived in the West 10 years, and when we realize the time we wasted before we got here, and the many beautiful and interesting things there are to do and see in the years ahead, we get busy trying to figure out how we can get our old-age pension while we are young enough to get around and enjoy it.

Our technical knowledge of minerals is very slight, and we cannot truthfully be called rockhounds, as our trophies include everything from an old hand-made iron spoon found near an emigrant trail to a crude coal-oil lamp turned purple from age.

So we've coined our own title. We are hobby-snoopers and when we start off into the hills and sage brush we are hobby-snoopin'. Maybe there are others whom this will fit better than the title "rockhounds."

MRS. C. W. McMILLAN

Tommy Jones' Death Valley Strike . . .

Eagle Rock, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Our Desert Magazine came drifting in late this afternoon, and after a hasty glance therein I am writing to make a slight correction as regards your article in which it is stated that Tommy Jones "never made the big strike."

Many times I have camped with Tommy, and two different years he was at my camp for five months each time, helping me with my development work.

Well, to be brief, Tommy cleaned up \$70,000 as one of the first locators at Bullfrog, later known as Rhyolite and Beatty. Then he went to Los Angeles and blew it all in, going broke within a year. Either Shorty Harris or Frank Coffey, whom I knew well, could verify this if they were alive, as can any other old-timer. Time and again, I asked Tommy why he didn't salt down \$50,000 as a nest-egg before he went on his squandering spree. "Well, I thought I could go out and strike it again," was always his reply.

Now, I hope you will accept this correction in the same friendly spirit in which it is given, for I greatly admire the wonderful work you are doing for us all with our Desert Magazine. Really, I think it should be called *Our* instead of *The* Desert Magazine.

Just one other thing before I close this hasty scratch. In the article by John Hilton about the region back of Fig Tree John's old home, he (Mr. H.) missed and passed close by one of the most interesting scenes on that trip, namely, another fossil bed much superior to the one he mentions. In the early days of Coachella town, I discovered in a small cave at this fossil bed, two beautiful ollas mottled with a wonderful design, which I brought back and gave away I am sorry to say.

Also, had Mr. Hilton gone considerably further on the trail until it contacted another, he would have found nearby some veins of graphite on which some shallow crosscuts have been made.

Should he ever wish to visit either of these spots, I shall be glad to send him a map so that he can easily find them.

CHESTER A. PINKHAM

Dear Mr. Pinkham: The amount of money Tommy Jones received for his Death Valley strike has been the subject of much debate. One of his close friends told me it was \$5,000. Anyway, we will agree on the point that it did not last long when he reached Los Angeles. Thanks for the information regarding the other fossil field.

—R.H.

"Defending America With Agriculture"

Visit the . . .

IMPERIAL COUNTY MID-WINTER FAIR

and see for yourself the tremendous all out defense effort being contributed by the Imperial Valley, one of America's greatest agricultural producing areas.

Not just a carnival for your entertainment . . . but a mammoth exhibit of agricultural and mineral products from the WINTER GARDEN OF AMERICA, the Imperial Valley of California, one of the most productive agricultural areas in the United States. An area, once known as the most arid region in the country, which this year is contributing more than 65,000 carloads of foodstuffs to the defense of America.

. . . **MARCH 7 to 15** . . .

13th ANNUAL

Imperial County Mid-Winter Fair

Imperial, California

Ample accommodations are available at reasonable rates in El Centro, Brawley, Calexico, Imperial and other nearby Imperial Valley towns.

For premium list or additional information write D. V. Stewart, Secretary, Imperial Co. Fair, Imperial, Calif.





By RANDALL HENDERSON

DURING the month that has intervened since the January issue of *Desert Magazine* went to press, the United States has been plunged into world conflict.

It was inevitable that we should become involved. Not because Americans wanted war, but because a vast majority of them had too much integrity of character to sacrifice ideals for the sake of peace. We were committed to war many months ago when we pledged our loyalty to England and Greece and China, and then proved that our pledge was something more than idle words by giving them what material aid we could. The attacks on Pearl Harbor and Manila were the occasion, rather than the cause of our entrance into the conflict as an active belligerent.

* * *

But while our country is engaged in an all-out war to preserve the democratic way of life for all human beings everywhere, it is also necessary that we keep clearly in mind the nature of the ideals for which we are fighting.

And that is the part *Desert Magazine* will continue to play. I served as an army air pilot in the last war. My son plans to seek enlistment as soon as this issue of *Desert* is off the press. As American citizens the members of our staff are buying stamps and bonds and making the contributions of time and money that this emergency demands of all men and women of good will. But the war will not change the editorial content of our magazine. There are ten thousand daily and weekly and monthly publications in the United States devoting their headlines and text to news and views of the mortal battle in which men and women all over the world are engaged.

Our role, insofar as these pages are concerned, will be—as it has been in the past—the presentation of a subtle philosophy of peace and goodwill and courage and friendliness.

If our decision to continue devoting *Desert* to the ideals of understanding and friendship rather than the problems of world conflict, needed strengthening, we have had numerous letters from our readers requesting this very thing. Kathryn Lawyer of Santa Monica, California, expressed the thought that has come to us from many of our loyal friends when she wrote: "In these troubled times we need more than ever the beauty, peace and tranquillity *Desert Magazine* brings."

* * *

We are not pacifist. To me it is inconceivable that a thoughtful human could live close to Nature—as do those who have

frequent contact with the desert wilderness—and remain pacifist in the commonly accepted sense of the word.

Nature in the raw is a world of conflict. It is a place where only the fit and the strong survive. But Nature's definition of "fit and strong" is far different from the meaning these words have been given by men.

In the natural world fitness is synonymous with beauty, and strength is another word for courage and integrity. In the society that men have devised, the artist goes hungry, truth more often than not lives in a humble cottage unknown and despised by the mighty, and courage is sent forth to be a target for cannon.

It is on the desert—rather than in the cities men have built—that the real virtues of life are properly evaluated. Not because men themselves are any different in fundamental character, but because natural environment brings out the best in human beings, and congestion in superficial surroundings brings decay.

And so, while my son and your son go forth to war—and may they give a valiant account of themselves—*Desert* will continue to describe those winding trails that lead to quiet and peaceful canyons and to hills where Nature's beauty is concealed—like the humble dwelling of Truth—beneath a rough and drab exterior.

If the *Desert Magazine* staff is able, for a few hours each month, to take you and your friends away from the battlefield, and give you a glimpse of a world where thorn-covered shrubs defy the ravages of wind and sun and then each year send forth beautiful blossoms as a symbol of unquenchable courage—if we can help you remember that despite the folly of human beings, Nature is still the one Great Friend whom no army and no dictator can destroy, then we will perhaps have served some useful role in this period of confusion.

The desert will still be here—long after this generation of men has finished its stabbing and shooting—and here, better than anywhere else on the face of the earth, human beings may come to regain that understanding which is so essential to the perpetuation of peace on earth.



Savagery

By ADA GIDDINGS
Pasadena, California

In stone remains an Indian grinding set
Where pools of rain have stood from ancient
sky;
No blast of wind or gnawing rust can fret
Its calm as spectered red men gallop by.

The phantom women crush no grist and yet
They stir with soundless whirl, and prophesy:
The white men march; the red men yell their
threat;
And we shall chant as warriors ride and cry!

The phantoms fade, and other foes have met;
The screaming bomber swoops with eagle eye;
The hearth is turned to bloodstone crushed and
wet;
Will savage wars forever multiply?

THE RAINMAKERS

By ANNA PRINCE REDD
Provo, Utah

The redman beats his sacred drum and sings
His ancient ceremonial for rain;
In guttural chant the echo rings
From cliff to cliff
And back again.
Repeating dying, never-lost refrain:
"Hi ya, hi ya, hi, hi, hi, ya, hi-i-i—"
Rain clouds long pass redman by!

The tribal dancers writhe upon the sands.
From dawn to dark the lurid dance goes on,
Green branches shrivel dead
In hot dry hands.
Still on for days they dance to tom-tom bands
And sing their fervent chant to copper sky,
Till only one,
The reeling Big Bear stands . . .
The last brave falls. Far off the echoes die.
A cloud! A cloud appears in redman's sky!

FROM THE RIM OF THE DESERT

By WALLACE LEE ALVARES
San Francisco, California

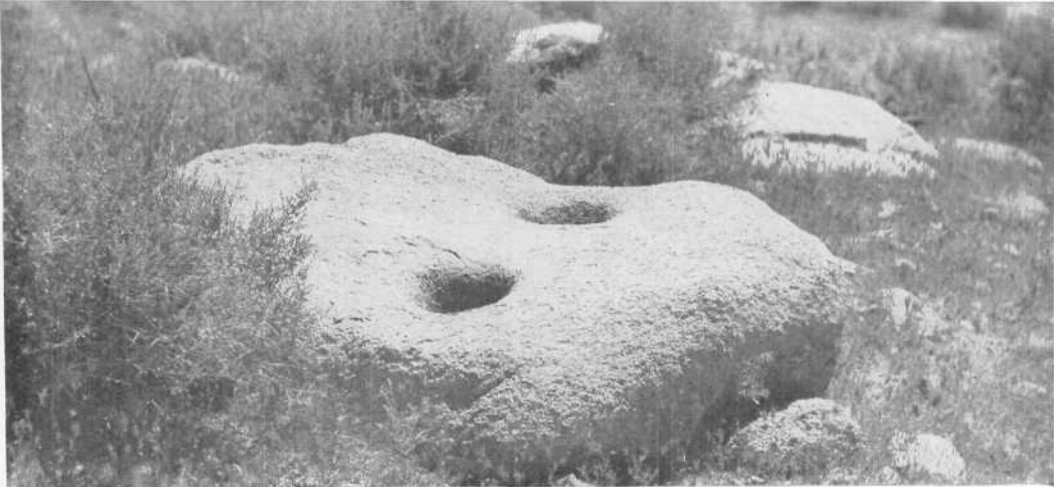
The dusty moon is low upon the desert's farther
rim,
And from this one I drink its beauty deep,
The tawny owl is floating down upon the waste-
land folk
To strike his mighty talons through their sleep.
The great saguaros stand tonight against the
planet's gleam,
The mute cathedrals of the border-line;
Unchanging with the flying years, unmoving
with the age,
They stand and breathe it with a joy like mine.
From far out on the lonely plain a sad note finds
the heart . . .
The coyote to the far moon quavers high;
His song is seeking out in me the man
primordial
That reaches out, and answers cry with cry!

I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER

By MARIE BUELL KIRKPATRICK
Renton, Washington

I shall always remember;
Dim purple twilight, an evening star,
The deep'ning of dusk on mountains far,
And bright desert campfire burning.

I shall always remember;
Down my still desert of lonely years,
Nights on the desert, gay laughter, tears—
And—tonight a heart-sick yearning.



DESERT LONGING

By LESTER RAYMOND CASH
Bakersfield, California

The sand and the sage and the endless sky—
These are the things that belong to me.
The whisper of wind, the coyote's cry—
These are a welcome song to me.
The stars and the moon and a night that's clear,
Breezes that chill when the sun has gone,
The rustle of things that both fight and fear—
These are the thoughts that I dwell upon.

The coming of night on a lonely trail—
This is a sight that's entralling to me.
A burro, a pack and a miner's scale—
This is the life that is calling me.
The sand and the sage and the endless sky—
These are my friends and they understand
The ways and the thoughts of such as I,
Marked and seared by their lasting brand.

DESERT DAWN

By GRETCHEN BRONSON
San Dimas, California

The pale moon hangs above the desert's brim.
The wheeling stars are weary, and grow dim,
While from a distant dune, a lone coyote
Flings on the air his shrill, despairing note.
A rosy glow creeps up the eastern sky
Where one bright morning star is blazing high.
The light wind stirs the whispering grey
mesquite.
Small birds awake with chirpings low and
sweet.
The prowlers of the darkness slip away
To hide them from the fast-approaching day.
Soft fingered night, no more her vigil keeping
Has tiptoed out and left her children sleeping.
And while my heart in breathless wonder
stands
The dawn strides in, across the desert sands.

ANTELOPE CHIPMUNK

By ETHEL MARY STANDARD
Brown, California

And another sweet song of the desert
Is the Antelope Chipmunk's sharp trill,
That comes shimmering in through the sun-
light.
To its high-pitched notes how I thrill.

Ammospermophilus leucurus they call him.
What a name for a fellow so small.
There he sits on a rock in the garden,
Quirks his tail and is king of it all.

Cute as any wee sprite of the desert,
What a villain he really can be!
As into chickens' grain,—pet plants,—treas-
ured flowers,
Through and over all barriers climbs he!

And he isn't afraid for a minute,
As he looks at you, saucy and gay,
And you love him in spite of his mischief,
And you watch for him always each day.

AWARENESS

By MURRAY SKINNER
Los Angeles, California

He who has lain on the desert
Counting the stars in their glory,
Watching the moon as it passes,
Symbol of legend and story;

He who has listened in rapture,
Waked by a songbird's gay liltling,
Seen the sun leap to its zenith,
Marveled at wind and sand tilting;

He who has slakened his thirsting,
Knelt at a spring in the shadows
Laid by tall palms in a silence
Deeper than summer-hot meadows;

How can he doubt that a Wisdom
Greater than any man's scheming
Sits at the helm of the heavens
Plotting a course past all dreaming!

Praise must flow forth that such
grandeur
Waits in simplicity, showing
What God extends to the man
Who humbles himself to the
knowing.

RETURN TO THE DESERT

By NANETTE E. FRIEND
Los Angeles, California

Away from the turmoil of cities,
Into the desert I'll go;
There in that land of magic,
Peace, again I will know.

I will discover new wonders,
There on the narrow trails,
Thrilled, exalted and strengthened,
Where the Great Spirit prevails.

Where dawn with its myriad colors
Painted by God's own hand,
Heralds the sun o'er the mountains,
And shimmers like gold on the sand.

Where at night, in shadow and silence,
The world holds its breath for a space;
Surcease from toil and heartbreak,
I will find in that quiet place.

CREED OF THE DESERT

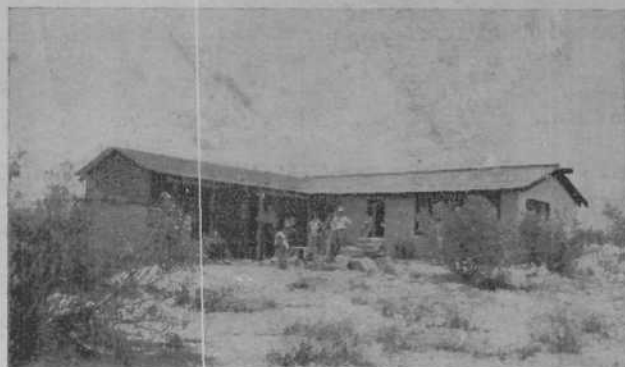
By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

Now every shrub, on the rocky hill
Or hidden away in a sandy nook,
Has a name and record—good or ill;
And pencil cactus keeps the book.

LOTS
\$250⁰⁰
UP

Desert Hot Springs

TERMS
10% CASH
BALANCE
IN
36 MO.



A typical adobe Ranch House being constructed on the property.



One of the many homes at Desert Hot Springs.

THIS FAST GROWING COMMUNITY

has a population sufficient to justify all kinds of business.

SEE IT AND YOU WILL AGREE

DESERT HOT SPRINGS CABIN SITES TRACT...

differs from any subdivision heretofore laid out anywhere in the West. In principle, this is not merely a subdivision. This property carries with it features for the benefit of mankind, and it is almost impossible to describe the numerous advantages that it possesses.

FIRST, this particular location is blessed with an abundance of a very high standard of Hot Curative Mineral Water—both for drinking and bathing.

SECOND, it has a perfect elevation of 1332 feet, which protects you from extreme desert heat and assures you of cool, delightful nights. Its elevation and close proximity to the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains, protects you against extreme desert winds. The violet rays from the sun are extremely beneficial. Fog and dust are unknown.

THIRD, Desert Hot Springs Cabin Sites, located on the gentle southwest slope of the San Bernardino Mountains, affords one of the most spectacular views of the floor of the desert and the snow-capped mountain peaks of San Jacinto and San Geronimo, which carry a blanket of snow far into the summer—sometimes as late as the latter part of July.

The so-called Desert Cabin Sites are in reality residential lots, 50x130 feet each. Water mains are installed throughout the entire Tract. The water is furnished by the Desert Hot Springs Mutual Water Co., a California Corporation.

Electrical energy is installed throughout the Tract and furnished by the California Electric Power Co. The service is just as complete as in any Metropolitan area.

YOU SHOULD INVESTIGATE this thriving community, far from the hustle and bustle of the city throngs, where, by the aid of Nature's natural gifts, you can relieve your pains, worries, trials and tribulations.

Where you can buy a lot, build a cabin to your own taste, for a little more than it would cost for an annual vacation. Where you have all modern conveniences—domestic water, electricity, two cafes, stores, lumber yard, weekly newspaper (The Desert Sentinel). (Motels and Trailer Courts in the making.)

SEE DESERT HOT SPRINGS! Judge for yourself. You owe this trip to yourself and your family.

When you come, bring your bathing suits!

Write for further information, maps and descriptive literature on Desert Hot Springs. Also Guest Cards!

ACREAGE . . .

Have any amount of acreage with an abundance of highly mineralized water, ranging from 120°F. to as high as 180°F., suitable for Hotels, Rest Homes or Health Establishments of various kinds.

Something That Cannot Be Had Elsewhere



6 MILES
NORTHEAST OF
GARNET FROM HY. 99

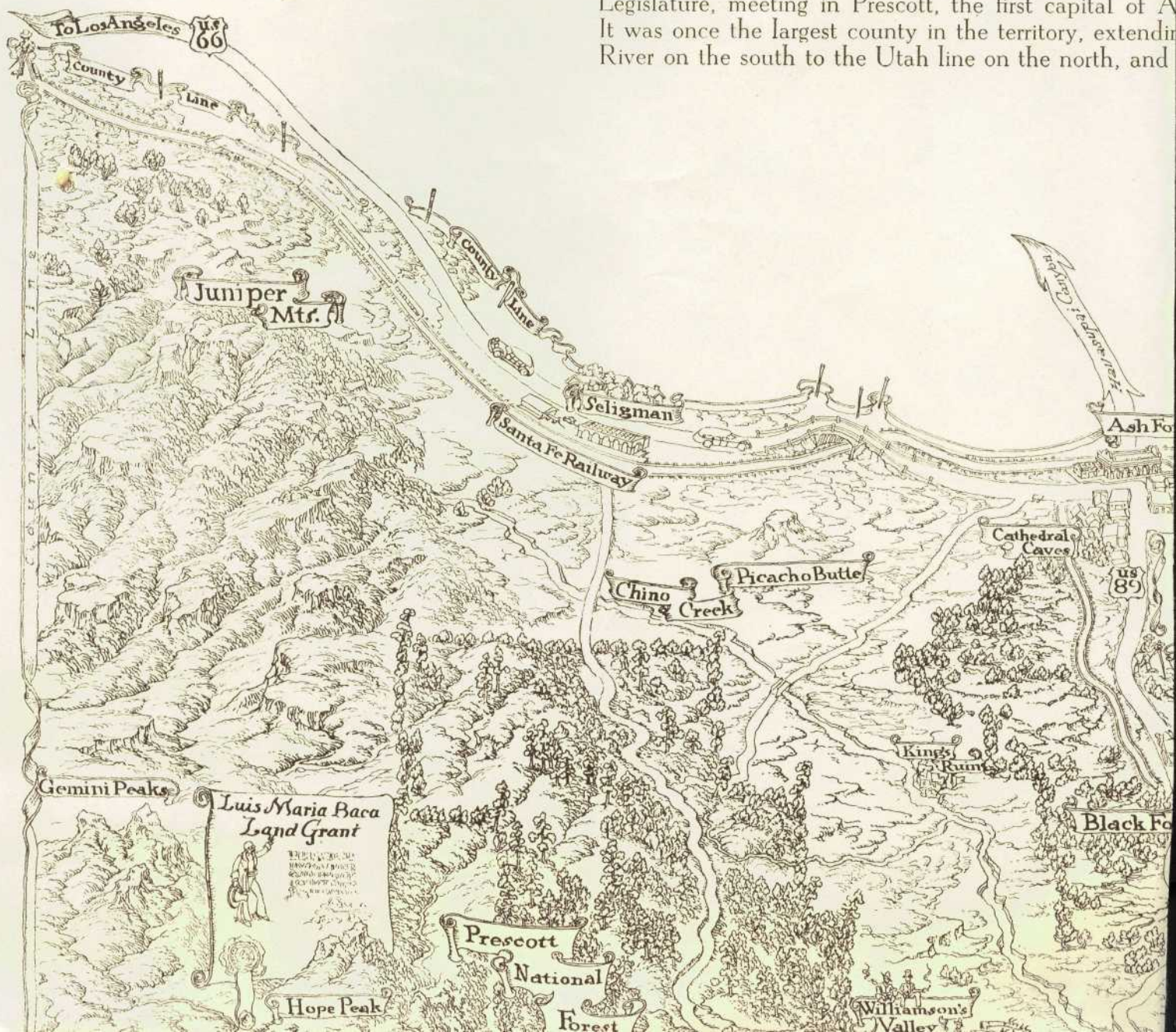
L. W. COFFEE, Subdivider
347 Douglas Building 257 South Spring Street MUtual 8459
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

10 1/2 MILES
NORTHEAST OF
PALM SPRINGS

YAVAPAI ARIZONA

Yavapai County is one of Arizona's fourteen counties, covering 8,150 square miles of mountain, valley, plain and canyon scenic enchantment. In area it is eighth in size of Arizona, and fifth in population, the 1940 census accredited it with 100,000 inhabitants. Yavapai County is about as large as the state of New Jersey.

The county was named after a friendly Indian tribe and was one of the four original counties created by the Arizona Legislature, meeting in Prescott, the first capital of Arizona. It was once the largest county in the territory, extending from the Colorado River on the south to the Utah line on the north, and from the Los Angeles County line on the west to the Blackfoot River on the east.



C O U N T Y . O N A

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on, sunshine and
na counties, and
25,511 inhabi-
New Jersey.

e, the Yavapais,
e First Territorial
rizona, in 1864.
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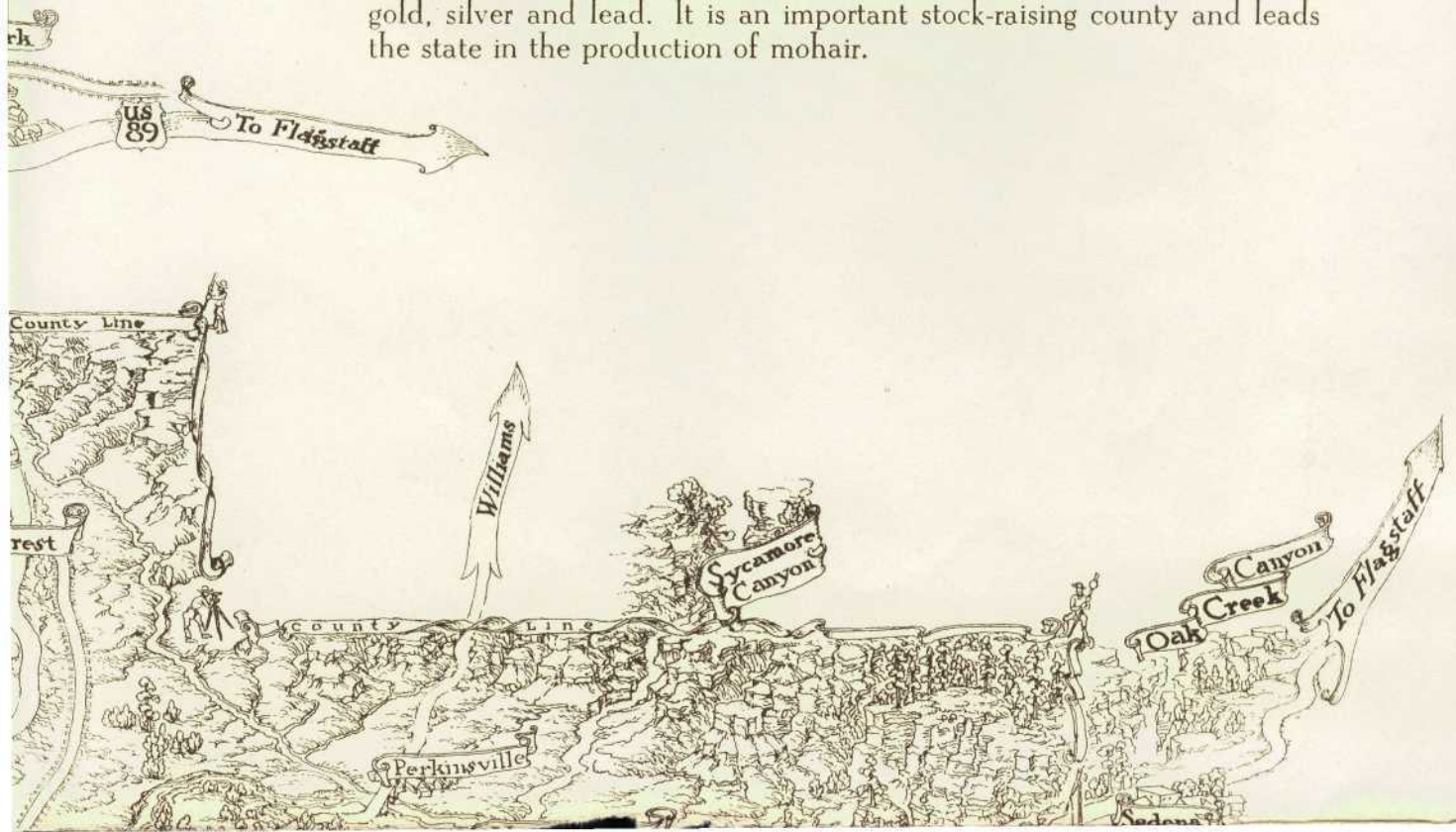
eastern state boundary joining New Mexico to the present western boundary where it joins Mohave and Yuma counties. Sections of Yavapai County were taken to form part of Maricopa County in 1871; Apache County in 1879; Coconino County in 1891; Pinal County in 1875; and Gila County in 1881.

Yavapai varies in elevation from less than 2,000 to nearly 8,000 feet. The three highest peaks in the county are Mt. Union, 7,978; Mingus Mountain, 7,720; and Mt. Tritle, 7,793. In one corner of Yavapai County the traveler finds an extensive Joshua forest, and traveling a few miles further on comes into the glorious region of the pine.

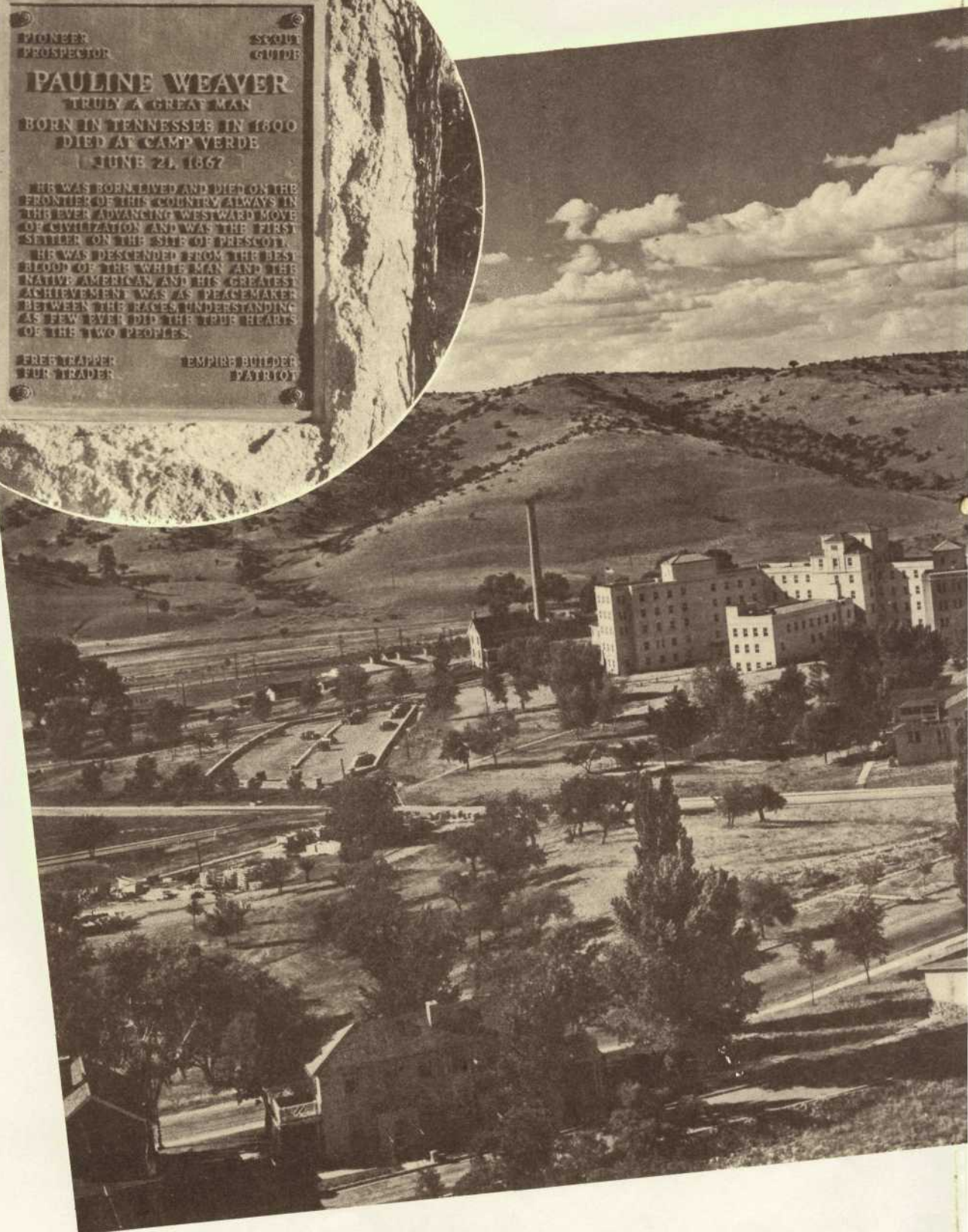
Principal mountain ranges are the Bradshaws, the Prescott Mountains and the Black Hills. This area of varied landscape is drained chiefly by the Verde River, the Agua Fria and the Hassayampa.

All or part of four national forests are in Yavapai County, the Prescott, the Coconino, the Kaibab and the Tonto. The Prescott National Forest, of an area of 1,222,207 acres is wholly within the county, the others in part. Seventeen and one-half per cent of the total forest area in Arizona is in Yavapai County.

Yavapai County is an important mining county, with a total production of one half billion dollars in mineral wealth, principally in copper, gold, silver and lead. It is an important stock-raising county and leads the state in the production of mohair.



In Memory of Pauline Weaver—
trail blazer of Yavapai.



The U. S. Veterans Hospital at Whipple, Arizona—
a haven of health in a sun-blessed land.



Thumb Butte—landmark in the hills of Yavapai.

YAVAPAI PORTFOLIO



Harry E. Rieseberg

Rider in the
hills of Yavapai.



Jack Northrop

Road through the pines.





Road through the North—
U. S. 66 between Ashfork and Seligman.

Norman G. Wallace



Yavapai Ahead—U. S. 89 leaving the desert at Yarnell Hill.

Norman G. Wallace





Map Compiled for Arizona Highways by the Arizona Artists Project, W. P. A.